The Relief Society Magazine

VOL. 42 NO. 10 Lessons for January OCTOBER 1955

Reflections

Dorothy J. Roberts

Wind hushed, fall-brushed,
Pool and aspen pause,
One in color, one in form,
Linked in a single cause.

High, true, sky blue
Wed to the water's will;
Woods' bold leaf gold
Caught where the pond is still;

Trees white, clouds light
Traced on the halted stream;
One fine, thin line
Severing substance and dream.

Tall, slim, pale stem
Framed in an autumn nook;
Gold grove, pool's trove,
Twinned on bank and brook;

Boughs' grace, twigs' lace,
Beauty on water, on water and land,
Save for a shore's horizon,
Undivided, stand.

The Cover: "The Citadel, Glacier National Park, Montana"
Photograph by Josef Muench

Frontispiece: "Autumn Pool, American Fork Canyon, Utah"
Photograph by Leland Van Wagoner

Cover Design by Evan Jensen

From Near and Far

I appreciate the *Magazine* very much and have been a subscriber for thirty-five years. Never once in all that time has the *Magazine* gone unread. What a wealth of material I find! Especially do I enjoy reading about the achievements of so many wonderful women mentioned in "Woman's Sphere." Thanks to Nell Murbarger for her story "Bringing Home the Cows" (July 1955). When I read it so many memories of childhood days came back to me — of when I, too, took the cows back and forth, to and from the pasture.

—Mrs. Rosella L. Dunkley
Preston, Idaho

I would like very much to renew my subscription for the *Magazine* . . . . I am very thankful for the *Magazine*. The study of The Book of Mormon and the other studies, too, make all things so much more understandable than any other study there is.

—Miss Leora Porter
Provo, Utah

I am very desirous not to miss any of the issues of the wonderful *Magazine*. My fourteen-year-old daughter says: "I just love *The Relief Society Magazine*. It is my favorite one." I certainly agree with her.

—Mrs. Beatrice Duncan
Monterey, California

I love Relief Society work and *The Relief Society Magazine*. We were happy to see Sister Annie M. Ellsworth's picture in the June issue. I worked under her in the Central States Mission and I love her very much. I am enclosing some lines in appreciation of the *Magazine*:

There is food for thought on every page,
Inspiration and good cheer;
Helps for busy housewives and mothers
These pages bring from year to year.

—Mrs. Effie A. Reynolds
Deming, New Mexico

I have enjoyed *The Relief Society Magazine* for nearly half a century. As a young girl I was thrilled with the fiction and poetry. As I grew older, I learned to appreciate the entire *Magazine* for its character-building and literary attributes. Then, as time went on, the helps for homemakers and the spiritual philosophy have attracted more of my attention. The comprehensive lesson material feeds the urges of my soul.

—Mrs. Uarda Black King
Twin Falls, Idaho

I cannot begin to tell you how much we appreciate the *Magazine*. Out here where we are laboring there isn't a Relief Society organization. There are only ten members in this little branch, including men, women, and children. I have been a member of the Relief Society ever since I was married forty-four years ago. This is the first time I have lived where there isn't an organization.

—Mary Hatch
South Hot Springs, Arkansas

I want to thank you for giving the women of the Church and the world such a wonderful *Magazine*. Every thought and word encourages higher and better thoughts, along with the good ideas for home improvement. My thanks to you for such a wholesome *Magazine* in my home.

—Made Shelley
Holbrook, Arizona

I love to receive *The Relief Society Magazine*. It is the only touch I have with the Church, as our nearest meeting place is sixty miles away. I read the *Magazine* from cover to cover as soon as I receive it. My little girl always enjoys looking through it, also. Thanks for a wonderful *Magazine*.

—Mrs. Louise Gibbs
Horton, Kansas

THE RELIEF SOCIETY MAGAZINE

Monthly Publication of the Relief Society of The Church of Jesus Christ of Latter-day Saints

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Vol. 42 OCTOBER 1955 No. 10

Contents

SPECIAL FEATURES

Revelation in Our Personal Affairs ..... Marion G. Romney 644
The Great White Sands ..... Nell Murbarger 654
"For This Cause" ..... Emily Wilkerson 665
"Thou Art Thy Mother's Glass" ..... Helen B. Morris 667

FICTION

A Mirror for Virginia ..... Helen Hinckley Jones 650
"Just Like the Ones I Used to Know" ..... Pansye H. Powell 669
Hermanas — Chapter 4 ..... Fay Tarlock 678

GENERAL FEATURES

From Near and Far 642
Sixty Years Ago 658
Woman's Sphere ..... Ramona W. Cannon 659
Editorial: Valiant Womanhood ..... Vesta P. Crawford 660
Notes From the Field: Relief Society Activities ..... Margaret C. Pickering 685

FEATURES FOR THE HOME

African Violets for Your Home ..... Shirley Seegmiller 662
Happiness ..... Lucille R. Taylor 668
Adah A. Harper Martin Has Crocheting for a Hobby 675
Make Soup Often ..... Rhea H. Gardner 676
Wearing a Pretty Face ..... Mabel Law Atkinson 684
A Hooked Rug for Girls or Boys ..... Elizabeth Williamson 710

LESSON DEPARTMENT

Theology: Predictions Concerning the Coming of the Messiah ..... Leland H. Monson 691
Visiting Teacher Messages: "Therefore, Blessed Are They Who Will Repent and Hearken Unto the Voice of the Lord" ..... Edith S. Elliott 695
Work Meeting: Soups ..... Rhea H. Gardner 696
Literature: Kipling, the Poet of Empire ..... Briant S. Jacobs 698
Social Science: The Constitution and the Courts ..... Albert R. Bowen 703

POETRY

Reflections — Frontispiece ..... Dorothy J. Roberts 641
"October Afternoon," by Christie Lund Coles, 649; "Old Book," by Gertrude T. Kovan, 653; "How to Make a Dream Come Right," by Ethelyn M. Kincher, 657; "Autumnal Equinox," Margaret Hyatt, 661; "The Ornament," by Thelma J. Lund, 666; "Dreams," by Zara Sabin, 668; "I Found October," by Agnes Just Reid, 677; "Stilled Moment," by Maryhale Woolsey, 677; "October," by Gene Romolo, 683; "Faith," by Vesta N. Lukei, 684; "Redecorating," by Dorothy O. Rea, 690; "Autumn Soliloquy," Zera Wilde Earl, 712

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Revelation in Our Personal Affairs

Elder Marion G. Romney
Of the Council of the Twelve

(Excerpts from the Baccalaureate Address Given at Ricks College, Idaho, May 22, 1955)

PRESIDENT Clarke, members of the faculty, distinguished guests, brothers and sisters, and members of the graduating class, whom we especially honor this night:

I am very grateful to President Clarke for the complimentary things he has said about my father, George S. Romney, who gave so much of his life to the development of Ricks College and the Fremont Stake.

* * *

And now to you graduates: I compliment you upon the good fortune of having received your formal education in the Church school system. No restrictions have here been put upon your search for knowledge through scientific observation and research. Here at Ricks you have enjoyed all the facilities for learning available at other educational institutions. And, in addition and of far greater consequence, you have been here taught that there is available, through other means, a vast reservoir of knowledge not available through scientific methods. The knowledge of which I speak may be appropriately referred to as religious knowledge. It has to do with "things as they are, and as they were, and as they are to come" (D. & C. 93:24). Such knowledge is communicated to men through direct revelation from heaven. It can be obtained in no other way. You have been here made acquainted with some of this knowledge, and schooled in the ways by which you may continue to draw upon it.

To teach that there is such knowledge and train us in the processes by which we may obtain and live for it, is the unique function of the Church school system. Indeed, such is the major function of the Church itself.

Not only do other educational systems fail to train their students in the processes whereby they can obtain such truth, but the reality of any such knowledge is in many of them categorically denied. The head of the department of philosophy in a neighboring state university, discussing the question "Is religious knowledge possible?" recently said:

> We must conclude, then, that we do not possess any religious knowlelge . . . knowledge which concerns specifically religious matters and which is neither identical with any scientific knowledge nor included within the scope of any science (Great Issues Forum Series, Series 2: Religion, pp. 4, 13).

As I listened to this declaration, there went through my mind the statement of the Lord, as recorded in the 88th Section of the Doctrine and Covenants and often repeated in the revelations: "The light shineth in darkness, and the darkness comprehendeth it not" (D. & C. 88:49).

THE prevalence of these benighted conclusions, with which the minds of so many men are bound, is indeed a great tragedy. How fortunate are we who, in contrast thereto, have been taught along with our secular learning the great eternal truths revealed from heaven in this dispensation, truths which transcend the wisdom of men as the heavens transcend the earth. The Prophet Joseph Smith designated the record of the vision in which he had seen the different degrees of glory in the future life, "a transcript from the records of the eternal world," and adds:

> The sublimity of the ideas; the purity of the language; the scope for action . . . are so much beyond the narrow-mindedness of men, that every honest man is constrained to exclaim: "*It came from God*" (D.H.C. I:252-253).

From that treasure house of religious knowledge, we have learned the purpose of mortal life. We have been taught the nature of God and our relationship to him, which, said the Prophet Joseph, is the most important knowledge man can have. Without an understanding of it, he continued, men can understand the purpose of life little better than the beasts.

We have been taught that we ourselves are eternal beings, the offspring of God, his begotten sons and daughters.

We have learned that our separation from him is but temporary, and that it is his purpose to confer upon us immortality and, if we will receive it, eternal life; that, as a matter of fact, mortal life is a part of eternal life and fits into all that has gone before and into all that lies ahead. Having been thus taught, we confidently rely upon God's assurance that his "Spirit giveth light to every man that cometh into the world; and . . . enlighteneth every man through the world, that hearkeneth to the voice of the Spirit. And every one that hearkeneth to the voice of the Spirit cometh unto God, even the Father" (D. & C. 84:46-47).

We have here been taught that from the days of our first mortal parents, God, our Heavenly Father, has in every dispensation sent heavenly messengers to reveal the truths of the gospel to holy men, who, in turn, have recorded them and taught them to the people. The restoration in this dispensation began with a burst of revelation. In an unprecedented open vision, Elohim himself and his beloved Son revealed themselves to the Prophet Joseph Smith. In person they came and stood full length before him. He saw them, they spoke to him, he heard their voices. He asked them questions, and Jesus gave him answer.

The Gold Plates from which, by the gift and power of God, Joseph Smith translated The Book of Mormon came by revelation. They were delivered to him by an angel, a resurrected person.

The Book of Mormon itself is a revelation. In it are recorded many great and important revelations given by the Lord to ancient American prophets, revelations which, if heeded by the United States and other American nations, would preserve them in peace, prosperity, and happiness.

The Priesthood came by revela-

tion. By revelation the Prophet Joseph Smith was directed step by step in organizing and building up the Church. Directed by revelation, each of his successors, from President Brigham Young to President David O. McKay, has led the Church.

YES, modern revelation is a reality, a continuing reality. But for it, the Church could not persist, Ricks College, our alma mater, would not be. She owes her birth and her existence to the fact of revelation.

And now to the heart of my message to you graduates. I hope you will consider it worth your noting, remembering, and applying in your lives.

Great and glorious as are the foundation revelations by which the gospel and the Priesthood were restored and by which the Church is led, still of equal importance, and of more particular concern to us at this graduation and commencement time, is the fact of personal revelation, that is, the fact that each one of us may receive for himself direct communications from heaven. This is the message I would have you graduates carry with you from these services. If we have learned this truth and schooled ourselves to receive revelation for our own comfort and guidance, we are now ready to commence real life fortified with wisdom and strength beyond the ken of mortal man.

In such personal revelation lies the source of power of men of God. The Prophet Joseph Smith taught this. Important and numerous as were the revelations received by him, close as were his relationships with heaven, certain as was he of the truth of the things he taught, yet he never presumed or infringed upon the prerogative of his fellows to know for themselves. When he told Newel K. Whitney that the Lord wanted him to be a bishop, Brother Whitney was perplexed and said to the Prophet:

> "'"I cannot see a bishop in myself, brother Joseph; but if you say it's the Lord's will, I'll try."'
>
> "You need not take my word alone;' answered the Prophet, kindly. 'Go and ask Father for yourself.'
>
> "Newel felt the force of this mild rebuke, but determined to do as he advised. His humble, heartfelt prayer was answered. In the silence of night and the solitude of his chamber, he heard a voice from heaven: '*Thy strength is in me.*' The words were few and simple, but they had a world of meaning. His doubts were dispelled like dew before the dawn. He straightway sought the Prophet, told him he was satisfied, and was willing to accept the office to which he had been called" (Elder Orson F. Whitney, *The Contributor*, Jan. 1885, *Comp. Hist. of the Church*, I, page 271, note).

Not only did the Prophet refrain from infringing upon the rights of his fellows to know for themselves, but he expected them to be able to receive communication from heaven. For example, in counseling with his brethren about sending an exploration company to the West, he said:

> Send twenty-five men: let them preach the Gospel wherever they go. Let that man go that can raise $500, a good horse and mule, a double barrel gun, one-barrel rifle, and the other smooth bore, a saddle and bridle, a pair of revolving pistols, bowie-knife, and a good sabre. Appoint a leader, and let them beat up for volunteers. I want every man that goes to be a king and a priest. When he gets on the mountains he may want to talk with his God . . . (D.H.C. VI, page 224).

You see, this matter of receiving guidance by revelation was not a mere theory with the Prophet Joseph Smith. It was stark reality. He lived by such revelations, and urged others to do likewise.

EVERY confirmed member of the Church has been given the gift of revelation. The gift of the Holy Ghost is the gift of revelation, for the Holy Ghost is a revelator. Therefore, as the Prophet said, "No man can receive the Holy Ghost without receiving revelation" (*Teachings of the Prophet Joseph Smith*, page 328). It is the mission of the Holy Ghost to reveal the truth of heaven to those who qualify to receive it. Every one of us, if we will, may so qualify. We must ever keep in mind, however, that he will not dwell in an unholy environment. He is used to the society of God, for he is an associate of the Father and the Son. When we receive the gift of the Holy Ghost, we are commanded to receive him; he is not commanded to come to us. But if, with all our hearts, we truly seek him, he will come to us and guide us in the making of decisions at every crisis of our lives.

Decisions made under his inspiration are made in the wisdom of God. In The Book of Mormon there is a statement with respect to God's doings, that "all things have been done in the wisdom of him who knoweth all things" (2 Nephi 2:24). I see in this the inference that one's wisdom is based upon, and therefore limited by, his knowledge. This being so, God's wisdom is infinite because his knowledge encompasses everything in the universe. "He knoweth all things," says Jacob in The Book of Mormon. "There is not anything save he knows it" (2 Nephi 9:20). Man's wisdom, on the other hand, is most vulnerable because his knowledge of truth is so very, very limited. Is it not, therefore, clear that he who acts under the guidance of the Holy Spirit is infinitely advantaged?

By the spirit of revelation we may know the truths of the gospel as they have been revealed to others. You will recall that Moroni says, near the end of The Book of Mormon:

> And when ye shall receive these things, I would exhort you that ye would ask God, the Eternal Father, in the name of Christ, if these things are not true; and if ye shall ask with a sincere heart, with real intent, having faith in Christ, he will manifest the truth of it unto you, by the power of the Holy Ghost.
>
> And by the power of the Holy Ghost ye may know the truth of all things (Moroni 10:4-5).

Acting on this principle, we may with accuracy, through inspiration, sift the truth from the error in the teachings of men. No Latter-day Saint, with the gift of the Holy Ghost operative in him, can be led astray by false theories and philosophies.

By the power of the Holy Ghost, we may be guided in our personal affairs. We need make no mistake, for example, in the selection of a life's companion. If we would properly present this sacred and important matter to our Heavenly Father in earnest prayer and supplication, having a desire and a willingness to be guided in our decisions by the power of the Holy Ghost, we

would make no mistake. There would be no dissensions or divorces in our homes, if we would there subject ourselves to the guidance of the Holy Spirit. In the selection of our life's work by which we make a living, we can, if we will but seek it properly, be guided by revelation.

We can observe from the Prophet's account of the revelations received by him during the restoration, that revelation came to him in different ways. At times individual persons, resurrected beings, appeared to him. He saw and conversed with them, as one man sees and converses with another. Sometimes he heard the spoken word without seeing the speaker. At other times the voice of the Lord came into his mind as it came into the mind of Enos, who thus described it:

> And while I was thus struggling in the spirit, behold, the voice of the Lord came into my mind again, saying: I will visit thy brethren according to their diligence in keeping my commandments (Enos 10).

A fourth and, perhaps, the most familiar manner by which revelation is received is commonly referred to as inspiration—the witness of the Spirit to one's thoughts and feelings. This type of revelation falls short of formulated sentences, but it is, nevertheless, just as real and certain when one becomes responsive to it.

In the Doctrine and Covenants the Lord gave the key to an understanding of this type of revelation. You will recall that at Oliver Cowdery's request, the Lord gave him the gift to translate from the Gold Plates. But because Oliver did not pursue the gift, it was withdrawn from him, whereupon the Lord, admonishing him not to murmur, said:

> Behold, you have not understood; you have supposed that I would give it unto you, when you took no thought save it was to ask me.
>
> But, behold, I say unto you, that you must study it out in your mind; then you must ask me if it be right, and if it is right I will cause that your bosom shall burn within you; therefore, you shall feel that it is right.
>
> But if it be not right you shall have no such feelings, but you shall have a stupor of thought that shall cause you to forget the thing which is wrong (D. & C. 9:7-9).

We, as individuals, can be guided by the Holy Spirit through inspiration, until we develop the faith to receive other types of revelation. And if we will follow the procedure given by the Lord to Oliver Cowdery, we can be sure about the inspiration we receive.

My father used to tell me that there was as much difference between a man who lived under the inspiration of the Spirit and one who didn't, as there is between a growing tree and a dead stump. And I know from experience that this is true.

No person ever has lived, and no person ever will live through a mature mortal life in harmony with truth, without the guidance of the Holy Ghost. One who goes through life without his inspiration cannot avoid making wrong decisions. This is so because such a person must rely upon the wisdom of men which, as above indicated, is very, very limited. One cannot come to religious knowledge and truth in

this manner. On the other hand, one who lives under the inspiration of the Holy Ghost walks through life in harmony with all that went before and in harmony with all that is to come hereafter. His mortal life cannot fail of success. At the end, he will be ready for all the eventualities to come.

If you have learned while at Ricks to know and understand the spirit of revelation and to walk under its direction, your education has been most successful. This one lesson will do more for you as you journey through life's experiences, than the total knowledge of the uninspired world. My hope is that you have learned this lesson, and may God grant that you may so walk, I humbly pray.

October Afternoon

Christie Lund Coles

The afternoon is still
Save for the whir of a cricket
Or the crack of the grasshopper
In the drying grass.

I sit in the sun which is warm,
Though the air has a sting
Of cool forewarning,
And the shadows grow long and slim;

I see the chrysanthemums
Untouched by last night's frost;
I see the sunflowers
Still triumphant,
Though lesser flowers lie
Powdering to dust.

This is an hour of silence,
And of sharp nostalgia.
My instinct is to run
To where there are noise and people.

Yet, I know this is good,
This aloneness and this autumn.
Out of this mulch, beauty will be born,
And strength, and purpose.

I sit alone and quiet
In the October sun.

A Mirror for Virginia

Helen Hinckley Jones

"WELL, well, and how are we today?" Nurse Wilson's round face wore its usual this-is-my-job smile. Her voice had its usual this-is-my-job cheeriness. "So, we're going home today."

Virginia felt herself pushing against the voice which was too big for the cool, clean sea-green room with its two neat high beds. "Yes, I'm going home," she said wearily.

"Come now, we aren't very cheerful." Nurse Wilson placed the thermometer expertly under Virginia's tongue and lifted her wrist. "For seven weeks we've been asking when we could go home, and now that the day has come we've got the jitters."

That was before I knew that Carl would be back tonight, Virginia thought. She wondered if Nurse Wilson's words needed an answer. At any rate the thermometer made one impossible.

"Everybody gets the going home jitters; that is, everybody that has been with us long. But we mustn't let going home scare us. We'll be all right."

"Thanks." Virginia watched the woman nod with approval as she read the thermometer.

"Miss Eams will be in to help you dress when your husband comes for you."

"My brother is coming. My husband doesn't get in from Arabia until this evening."

Nurse Wilson rearranged the things on the bedside table, putting the hand mirror within easy reach, and placed several magazines by the side of the bed before she bustled to the door. At the door she turned and, for a moment, she was one woman speaking to another in an off-the-job tone. "I'm sorry you feel the way you do, Mrs. Stanley. It's going to be hard, but you can take it. You're a very real person, I think."

A very real person. A very real person with a very real problem.

Mrs. Jackson, in the neat bed across the room, was running a comb through her sparse gray hair. "I wish that woman wouldn't move so fast. She makes me tired just keeping my eyes on her!"

Virginia smiled. "That's the way it is with my little girl. I used to hold a cookie or toy for her and she'd take it with such a quick movement that I felt ever so slow."

"Let's see. How old is Jacquie?" Mrs. Jackson asked.

It was a question Virginia had answered nearly every day. "Two and a half."

"She'll surely be tickled to have you home."

"I don't know if she'll even know me."

"Well, they do say children have short memories."

Now was the time to tell Mrs. Jackson about The Problem. Mrs. Jackson was old. She'd lived a full, rich life. Maybe she'd know the answer. Virginia could say,

"Jacquie may not know me. I hardly know myself — now. You see, I used to be pretty."

She reached toward the bedside table to lift the mirror, but her hand drew back of its own volition. She knew what she would see—the face of a stranger. She thought of one feature at a time. She started with the hair which had been a live gold when Carl took the engineering contract in Arabia. It was dead and straw-colored now. She thought of the purple circles under her eyes. Even her eyes were different somehow; not a bright and dancing amber, but a dull, colorless hazel. She ran her fingers over the tiny wrinkles in her forehead, down the deep ones between her brows and across the tiny ones that rayed out from the outer ends of her eyes. Last of all, she touched the long scar that zigzagged from her cheekbone to her chin. Finally she looked at her skeleton-like hands and studied the dark splotches against the white skin. Carl had loved her hands.

"I'm really not very eager to go home now that the time has come," she told Mrs. Jackson.

THE old lady gestured toward the pictures in the double frame on the dresser. "Not eager to go home to that handsome husband and that beautiful little girl?" she asked.

Handsome, beautiful, Virginia thought. In their tight little circle of three, only she, Virginia, would be—ugly.

Carl was tall, with dark hair cropped short enough to hide the curl, and he had the warmest brown eyes in the world. Jacquie was a short and chubby baby with gold brown hair which turned up ever so slightly just above her dimpled shoulders. Her brows were fine and dark and she had long, curling black lashed framed eyes which were surprisingly light. Light gray or light green or light blue, according to the color that they reflected. She had a sweet little pug nose and soft warm little lips that were miniatures of Carl's. At least Carl would have something beautiful left in his life.

When he had gone to Arabia, reluctantly, but with the thought that the fabulous salary would erase his school debts and let him start off with a clean slate, they had been afraid that something might happen to him. He might be injured in the complex machinery, he might contract a strange disease, he might —but neither of them had ever guessed that a negligent motorist in a market parking lot would pay so much attention to the dog beside him, that he'd run into Virginia the one day that she happened to be carrying a gallon bottle of vinegar. It was one accident in a million, and it had happened to her!

"Stay just as you are," Carl had told her when he left. But she hadn't. Oh, she hadn't.

"I hate to have Carl see me — now," she told Mrs. Jackson, and her hand went involuntarily to her cheek.

"Oh, that," Mrs. Jackson said. "He'll never even notice it."

You don't know Carl, Virginia thought. *You don't know how he is about beauty.*

"I love you, Ginny," Carl had always said the last thing in the

evening and the first thing in the morning.

"Why"? Her one word was part of the ritual.

"Because you're beautiful."

CARL loved all sorts of beauty. One morning he had called her shivering from her bed and led her to the wide front window of their student apartment. "Look," he had said. And the world had been spread before them white and dazzling. Every branch on the one elm that stood in the scraggly yard was bent under an icing of spun sugar and rhinestones. Some time earlier, a bird had walked across the snow-covered lawn and left a tiny row of writing which, somehow, accented the beauty.

"I can live a day — maybe a lifetime with that picture in my mind," Carl had said. And Virginia had agreed, "It's the most beautiful thing I've ever seen."

"Now, now," Carl had laughed, his mood changing suddenly, "where's your looking glass? The most beautiful thing in the world is my wife, Ginny. You can't fool me." And he had kissed her.

Virginia turned over and picked up one of the magazines to hide her tears. Through the blur she saw the advertisements for shampoo and face powder and lotion. Beauty, beauty, everything for beauty. Every girl and woman had the right to be beautiful.

The most precious memory she had — one that she had held close to her every night since Carl had been away, was of their beautiful and sacred marriage ceremony in the temple.

When they had returned home, a dear friend had led them to a large mirror.

"Look at that picture," he had said. "See every detail. Carry it with you always, and, when you come to your golden wedding anniversary, to the two of you the picture will be the same — the most beautiful picture in the world."

Now Virginia felt the tears hot against her eyelids. *Poor Carl,* she thought. *Poor, poor Carl!*

IT was afternoon before Bud came for her, big and blustering and efficient as only a seventeen-year-old brother can be. Going down in the elevator he teased her, trying to make her laugh, but she was quiet. This was no time for fooling.

"Carl wired," Bud said. "He'll be in even earlier than he planned. About five." He was silent for a moment then he exploded. "What's the matter with you, Sis? Aren't you glad?"

"I hate Carl to see me like — like this," she said slowly.

He gave her a perfunctory glance. "You told him about the accident?"

"Of course, but . . . ."

"Well, then . . . ."

She had hoped to sneak into her mother's house unnoticed, but her mother was bidding goodbye to a group of guests who were just leaving the back patio as Bud roared up the driveway. Jacquie was clinging to her grandmother's hand, looking like a living doll in a frilly dress of sprigged nylon over innumerable petticoats.

For a moment everyone was silent — the engine stopped, all conversation was suspended. Then,

abruptly, Jacquie's little voice shouted, "Here's my Mommie. Here's my pretty little Mommie!" She tore away from her grandmother's hand and climbed into the seat that Bud had just vacated. She wrapped her arms around her mother's neck. "My pretty little Mommie, my pretty little Mommie," she repeated over and over again.

Later, when Carl came, Virginia was resting in bed in the room that had been hers as a girl. The shades were drawn and she could scarcely see the storybook dolls that stood in their cabinet in slightly drooping finery, the shelf of books which started with the Bobbsie twins and ended with college textbooks.

Carl stopped at the door for just a second, until his eyes became accustomed to the dimness, then, with a bound, he was at her side, gathering her in his arms. "I love you, Ginny," he said, his lips against her face.

From force of habit Virginia supplied her word. "Why?"

"Because you're beautiful."

Abruptly she drew herself from her husband's embrace. "It's dark in here," she said with an edge of brittleness in her voice. "Open the curtains."

He opened the curtains, then came back to the side of the bed. "There," he said. "Is that better?"

"Look at me, Carl."

He dropped to his knees beside her. "Ginny, Ginny, darling! You've never been so beautiful!"

She lifted his hand and traced one of his fingers over the long jagged scar on her cheek. "I was afraid to have you come home, Carl, afraid."

"But . . . ."

"When Jacquie saw me she said, 'My pretty little Mommie,' but then she was looking through the eyes of love."

"What sort of eyes did you think your husband would have?" He kissed her then. "Darling," he said, "don't you know by now that a woman should look at herself in the heart of her husband, not in a plain glass mirror?"

And, abruptly, Virginia knew that the magazines were wrong with their advice to keep a husband by using golden hair rinse or complexion soap or a new kind of lipstick. She might grow scrawny or fat, she might gain a hundred wrinkles or a double chin; but as long as there was love in their marriage, she would be beautiful in the mirror that matters most.

Old Book

Gertrude T. Kovan

I open up the pages of a book,
Its leaves a secret for so many years,
And there, within its center, as I look,
Are marks of someone's long-forgotten tears.
One paragraph stands out, tear-stained, and yet
Its wisdom fills my heart with new-found joy.

The Great White Sands

Nell Murbarger

ONE of our Nation's most unusual playgrounds, as well as one of the strangest deserts on earth, is embraced in the area set aside as White Sands National Monument, in south central New Mexico.

Although popular conception generally pictures deserts as drab wastelands, comprised of shifting sand dunes, burned lava rock, or grim salt flats, this particular desert area bears no resemblance to any of these. Here, instead, is a gleaming fairyland of tiny crystals — an estimated *thirteen billion tons* of them! Spread as much as 200 feet in depth, over 176,000 acres, and testing ninety-nine per cent pure gypsum, the "sands" of this strange place are so glistening white that the dunes have been aptly likened to a stage setting of the Sahara, done in granulated sugar!

For more than half a century before this area was officially recognized and awarded National Monument status, the outer fringes of the dunes had been a popular site for picnics and public gatherings. Aside from the pleasure given by such outings, however, the pioneer settlers disliked and distrusted "The Great White Sands" — fearing that in the course of their inexorable drifting, they would ultimately swallow farms and homes, even the growing frontier settlements of Alamogordo and Tularosa.

Since 1933, this unique New Mexican desert has become one of the most unusual playgrounds in the world.

Perhaps it is the fairylike fantasy of the place that wields such a strange influence over visitors that youth and age alike — even venerable grandfathers and matronly ladies — cast off their inhibitions to frolic in the clean sand like delighted children. Whole families join in building elaborate sand castles and digging "pirate caves." They roll down the steep slopes together, or slide down on snow skis or in impromptu "toboggans" made of tin dishpans. They turn cartwheels and somersaults in the sand, and run footraces, and play ball in it.

For small children, in particular, it is unlikely that a more ideal playground exists anywhere. Here are no rocks to bruise small feet, no streams or lakes into which adventurers may tumble, not even a spot of hard ground on which tender knees may be skinned. Where else might nearly four thousand school children be turned loose — as happens here on annual "Play Days" — without fear of a single injury, insect bite, or snake bite?

Further, to the special gratification of meticulous mamas, the sands are as clean and dust-free as freshly-laundered table linen, and no matter how rough-and-tumble the game, here is nothing to soil the whitest Sunday frock or snowiest trousers. High school football players from nearby towns even come to the

Sands to "wash" their white wool sweaters in the same manner Victorian ladies used cornmeal for cleaning their fascinators.

One popular sport of interest to every Sands visitor — either as participant or spectator — is sand skiing. Using ordinary snow skis on the steep, lee faces of the dunes, extremely high speeds may be attained, although the runs, of course, are short. As a result of constant abrasion, every grain of sand is glass-smooth and spherical; and after a day of skimming over the dunes, the running surfaces of the skis are said to be even more highly polished than before.

Flora and fauna of the Sands area, as well as the rich historical background of the region, are skillfully portrayed and described in the small museum at Monument headquarters. The manner in which both plant and animal life have met the challenge of the dunes is especially fascinating.

As any dark-colored object is extremely conspicious against the gleaming white sand, all insects or animals of dusky hue become glaring targets for their enemies. This fact, presumably, has worked as a natural program of selection, with only the lighter-colored members surviving until several all-white, or nearly-white, forms have developed. Thus the Monument presents the unique spectacle of white spiders, white lizards, and snow-white pock-

Nell Murbarger

EARLY MORNING, WHITE SANDS NATIONAL MONUMENT, NEW MEXICO

et mice. Even an all-white coyote was reported here over a period of several years. In the lava beds, immediately north of the White Sands, some of the same species have developed forms nearly black in coloration.

Along the outer fringe of the dunes area every morning finds an intricate tracery of small neat tracks formed by lizards, birds, mice, skunks, rabbits, and other small creatures; but even the boldest of these penetrate only a short way into the wilderness of the dunes. In the extreme heart of the sands, there is said to occur no vestige of animal or insect life.

One of the greatest mysteries of the Monument is that any form of plant life is able to exist in these gypsum dunes, which contain no trace of nitrogen, generally regarded as an absolute necessity for plant growth. Most logical of the several theories advanced in this connection, is that the several species of plants which thrive in these environs must be provided by nature with some unknown means of manufacturing their own supply of this vital element.

Another factor that lends interest to dune-dwelling plants is their adaptability to a highly unstable, ever-shifting world. Since there is no possibility of retaining a foothold in the thirty-mile-long windrows of drifted gypsum crystals, such plants must anchor their roots in the solid flat beneath the dunes. Thus, in order to keep their crowns above the smothering sands, they must be able to lengthen their stems, as required. One species of plant that has proven itself especially adaptable in this regard is the yucca, or Spanish bayonet. Although the type of yucca common to the Monument is but normally three or four feet in height, this process of elongation to escape the higher-climbing sands here has resulted in fantastic specimens with necks as much as fifty feet in length!

Viewed against a background of wind-rippled dunes, the grotesque forms exhibited by the yuccas have especial fascination for photographers. Due to the extreme glare of light on the crystalline sands, unfortunately, shutterbugs unfamiliar with the White Sands, almost invariably overexpose their films. This same light reflection, naturally, can effect a serious sunburn; and even on partially-cloudy days, dark sunglasses should be worn as protection to the eyes. Persons who spend fairly long periods in the dunes without such protection, often suffer the same ill effects as are produced by snowblindness.

Except for a refreshment concession in the headquarters area and a free picnic ground equipped with tables, fire grills, and pole boweries for shade, the Monument provides no accommodations for eating or lodging. Good motels, hotels, and restaurants are available, however, at Alamogordo, only fifteen miles distant.

Geographically, White Sands National Monument is situated a little more than 100 miles north of El Paso, from which point it is reached via paved highways, U. S. 54 and 70. From Albuquerque, about 250 miles to the north, the Park is best approached via U. S. 85, 380, 54, and 70.

In addition to viewing the Great White Sands, visitors will doubtless wish to include sidetrips to numerous other points of interest in the vicinity. An hour's drive to the east of the Monument lies the high Sacramento Mountain region, with its abundance of tall pines, deer, and scenic vistas. A short distance to the north, lies the forbidding black waste of the lava beds, where once-molten rock is now hardened in grotesque and picturesque splendor; and Mescalero Apache Indian Reservation, nearby, is "home" to part of this once-fierce tribe of warriors. Although clinging to a number of their ancient ceremonies and ways, the Apaches have adopted most of the customs of their white brothers and now engage profitably in cattle ranching and farming. And, of course, no student of frontier lore will want to miss colorful "Old Lincoln Town" where, seventy-five years ago, a lusty page of Western history was written by the youthful outlaw, Billy the Kid, and the bloody Lincoln County War.

Further inquiries concerning the fascinating vacation-land of the White Sands and its environs, may be addressed to the Monument Custodian, Alamogordo, New Mexico, or to the Chambers of Commerce either there, or at Las Cruces, New Mexico.

How to Make a Dream Come Right

Ethelyn M. Kincher

How to make a dream come right?
Look it in the face and see
Where it leads eventually;
Where it goes and what it means . . . .
And all other little dreams
That may follow in its light.

How to make a dream come right?
Work at it from sun to sun,
Keep it close when day is done;
Give it scope of vision true,
See what it will do for you
When it really comes in sight.

How to make a dream come right?
Know it for the thing it is,
Keep it clean; remember this:
Dreams gone wild are tyrant kings.
You must master all it brings,
If you make a dream come right!

Sixty Years Ago

Excerpts From the *Woman's Exponent*, October 1, and October 15, 1895

"For the Rights of the Women of Zion and the Rights of the Women of All Nations"

THE NATIONAL COUNCIL OF WOMEN: In 1891, at the National Council in Washington, D. C., the Relief Society became connected with the National Council of Women of the United States. This entitles the society to an equal standing with all the great organizations thus federated in the Council, giving to each and all this broad system of representation, and of becoming widely known, not possible except by united efforts.

—Emmeline B. Wells

AUTUMN

Thou burden of all songs the earth has sung,
Thou retrospect in Time's reverted eyes,
Thou metaphor of everything that dies,
That dies ill-starred, or dies beloved and young,
And therefore blest and wise—
O be less beautiful, or be less brief,
Thou tragic splendor, strange and full of fear!
In vain her pageant shall the Summer rear:
At thy mute signal, leaf by golden leaf,
Crumbles the gorgeous year.

—Selected

LETTER FROM NAUVOO: . . . . many times when reading or hearing about Nauvoo, I have wished in my heart I could visit that sacred spot of Earth . . . but here I am verily walking those very identical streets that our beloved Prophet and Patriarch while in life walked so many, many times . . . . being shown the spot in the river, where Joseph Smith baptized for the dead . . . . We then visited the cottage where the Prophet first lived then the Mansion . . . . of the temple there is not one stone left upon another, there are stores built upon the block, also vacant places sown in grass . . . . surely the blessing of the Lord has not rested upon this place since the expulsion of the Saints.

—E. J. S.

WHO KNOWS

Who knows we have not lived before
In forms that felt delight and pain?
If death is not the open door
Through which we pass to live again?

—Selected

RELIEF SOCIETY CONFERENCE IN CARDSTON, CANADA: The Relief Society of the Alberta Stake of Zion convened October 5th . . . Stake President Mary L. Woolf presiding . . . . President Sarah B Daines was called upon to report the Cardston Society over which she presides . . . spoke of the unity that exists among them . . . the rearing of children and the necessity of teaching them strict obedience . . . Counselor Rhoda Hinman spoke on the life of Joseph the Prophet and the many excellent traits of his character . . . Sister Ella Nielson . . . . spoke on the subject of marriage . . . .

—Jane W. Bates, Sec.

Woman's Sphere

Ramona W. Cannon

IN *The House of a Million Shells*, a new art attraction for tourists in Laguna Beach, California, we heard a lady explaining a long wall map of Hawaii, made of beautiful, many-colored shells. "This is the Island of Oahu, and this (pointing to a small, dark pattern) is the Mormon temple, a most beautiful building." The artist is Mrs. Ida Kuhn, who has lived in Hawaii most of her life. She has personally gathered millions of shells, creating from them remarkable native scenes, including a portrait of King Kamehameha I, with more than 200,000 shells in it, and this long mural map, which required six months' work. As a decor in the main room, she has portraits of two Latter-day Saints, a girl and a man, native entertainers, whose friendship she prizes. A great humanitarian, soft-spoken Mrs. Kuhn has taken into her home and, in most cases, loved into being good citizens, more than four hundred wards of the Hawaiian juvenile courts. She has also maintained a convalescent home for the poor, the blind, and other handicapped persons.

EWAN HARBRECHT, charming young Latter-day Saint lyric soprano who has won recognition in Italy and America, went as the soloist with the Tabernacle Choir on its European tour. At the Bern Temple dedication, she sang, in addition to the numbers with the choir, "Bless This House." Columbia Artists, with whom she had an exclusive contract for the year for concerts, radio, television, and record making, kindly released her for the famous tour.

MRS. GLENN WISE, of Madison, Wisconsin's new Secretary of State, is the first woman in her State to hold a constitutional office. She is a grandmother, with a master's degree in economics from the University of Wisconsin.

BIRTHDAY congratulations are extended to: Mrs. Maud R. Acord, El Paso, Texas, ninety-eight; Mrs. Lydia Butterfield Cole, Salt Lake City, ninety-four; Mrs. Jane Clark Collingwood, Coronel Suarez, Argentina, ninety-three; Mrs. Rose Slaughter Duzett, Emery, Utah, ninety-two; Mrs. Thurza Allen, Salt Lake City, ninety-two; Mrs. Lucinda Pace Redd, Monticello, Utah, ninety-one; Mrs. Sina Bishop Reid, Mrs. Nancy Adeline Perkins Simpson, Mrs. Susan Elvira Sidwell Grant, Mrs. Esther Clark Pattillo, Mrs. Ellen Lovell Rowe, all of Salt Lake City, and each ninety years old; Mrs. Emma Johnson, Grantsville, Utah, ninety.

EDITORIAL

VOL. 42 OCTOBER 1955 NO. 10

Valiant Womanhood

WE often survey the testament of the past for examples of valiant womanhood and travel the long road into the far reaches of history, and then forward to the times of our more immediate ancestors. We think of the Pilgrim women and the wives and mothers of the soldiers of the Revolution. The narratives of the Church in Kirtland, in Far West, and in Nauvoo, are replete with heroic women who placed their ideals and their eternal purposes far above all thought of passing comfort or happiness

It has been said that the courage to be happy is the greatest courage of all, but more often the truth seems to be that it takes greater courage to accept temporary unhappiness for a future purpose. More valor is required to follow a difficult road, which may have a more luminous destination.

Many of our pioneer mothers and grandmothers in the arid areas of the West would have found their lives unendurable, if they had not been able to think of their situations as segments of a greater whole, and their families as a unit forever. Protected by such courage, was a young woman who lived in the eighteen-nineties on a lonely homestead in western Utah, twenty-five miles from any settlement. She lived in a log cabin, with only her two children, for many months while her husband was herding sheep on the high mountains surrounding the homestead valley. When he said goodbye, he advised his wife to keep an evening candle in the window as a sign that all was well. If she needed help, she was to build a bonfire on the top of the cellar. Throughout the long months, in spite of hunger, illness, and danger, the candle glowed in the shadows and no bonfire ever called the husband from his work.

Valor is manifested not only in the broader borders of life, but it may be found also within narrow routine. A woman in a small frontier town, the mother of a large family, having many responsibilities and little rest, decided that she would plan her household in such a way that the Sabbath, at least, would be a day of worship and contemplation. Accordingly, throughout the week, and particularly on Saturday, the mother planned and worked toward an ideal observance of the Sabbath. The house was carefully cleaned in advance, each child having a responsibility. Food was prepared, bread baked, a main dish cooked, dessert prepared; clothing for each member of the family was carefully laundered and pressed and all articles for each child placed together so that there would be no confusion on Sunday morning. That family grew up with the blessed heritage of a serene and beautiful Sabbath. The accomplishment was

not easy. It required steadfast courage, an undeviating purpose.

Valor is not confined to any century nor to any group or individual within a span of time, for every era has need of valiant women. Their problems may not be the same, but there are few life paths where sunlight falls continually. The young widow, with her family to rear alone, the older widow facing the dark years of adjustment — all those who must struggle against poverty, grief, disappointment, loneliness.

Many women have found that, though to outward appearances, they may be carrying their burdens alone, most of them realize that hosts of valiant women of other days accompany them on each and every part of the life journey; the women of their ancestral houses who bore danger, sickness, tragedy, walk in memory with the women of today, and beside each of us, perhaps, a handcart woman trudges or a lonely figure follows a covered wagon. Courage may not be inherited, but the characteristics of a brave approach towards the problems of life are surely bequeathed, if one but knows how to use the heritage.

No woman of the Church need ever walk alone, for the dear continued and ever-widening charity of her sisters in Relief Society is like a shining guardian, even from young womanhood until the end of the life journey, and will be extended into eternal worlds.

—V. P. C.

Autumnal Equinox

Margaret Hyatt

Let me rest here on this time-worn stile,
Built to lift tired feet across the boundary rail,
Dividing gold-crested ripening grain
From sharp stubble left by harvesters today.
Let me share the plaintive evensong
Of field doves, killdeer scurrying to nests
Hidden in rank grass along this selfsame fence.

Though late afternoon's still warming sun
Turns dust and autumn haze to gold,
Something in the rising wind
Whispers warning of long winter nights.
So I would tarry just a little while
Before I cross the field of fallow ground
To meet the purple twilight just beyond.

African Violets for Your Home

Shirley Seegmiller

FOR the past few years, the swing in houseplants has been steadily turned more and more to the fabulous African violet, king of the Gesneriads. Simple steps, easy directions, and a smaller price now encourage the reluctant greenthumber at least to try his luck. The success experienced by a large percentage of these flower lovers usually results in more confirmed violet fans.

The main elements needed for this success are infinite patience, care, and attention. The results will provide a beautifully flowered plant that will glorify the home the year around and win many new friends.

Yet the growing of violets from seed is no task for the inexperienced. The propagation of plants from the tiny dust-like seeds has proved most difficult, but the growing of these amazing flowers comes so easily from leaves and plant division that no one should be discouraged. Plants from leaf starts will be in bloom long before the seeds can produce new plants.

Varieties

To help you start out with a good variety of named plants, here are a few samples of the various colors: *Snow Prince*, has a large white single blossom with regular foliage; *White Madonna*, a double white; an outstanding blue with dark foliage, *Blue Warrior; Blue Belle*, a fully double blue of slightly darker hue; *Edna Fischer*, double plum-colored, with a white edge; *Red King*, single flowered.

Pink Wonder is a patented offering with very dark flowers of extremely large size, and single. The new pink doubles are still in the testing stage, as some tend to come single from leaves. *Ohio Pink Bountiful* has become very popular. For a variety type violet, *Painted Girl* is just that. Snowy white blooms glisten as if they had been sprinkled with stardust, and some of them are bordered with orchid. *Fantasy* is another fast-climbing favorite, a lavender bloom heavily splotched with darker purple.

These are but a few of the variety of listed violets now available. Actually almost any color you wish can be found in either single or double flowers.

Starting Plants From Leaves

The leaves you procure, in order to make good, fast-growing starts should be taken from healthy, blooming plants. They are easy to handle, and the plantlets from them seldom disappoint the anxious grower. As little as six months, from start to full bloom, is not unusual.

Two methods of rooting leaves have proved equally popular, and more important, successful. Rooting in water has long been the standard procedure. Use a narrow necked bottle, test-tube, or similar utensil, equipped with a collar made of paper or aluminum foil that will hold the fleshy part of the leaf out of the water. Be sure the stem is well down into the bottle. Several leaves may be rooted in the same water. A tiny drop of commercial fertilizer will speed up the process. Tiny white roots will appear on the stem end within ten days to two weeks.

The newer method of rooting now being used by most violet houses, is the moist vermiculite process. Almost any kind of container can be used, a box lined to prevent

leakage, a deep glass bowl, or a shallow pan. Over a layer of soil or sand, an inch or two of fine vermiculite is smoothed. The growing medium is then soaked well and the leaves inserted and kept moist, but not wet, until the young plantlets are about an inch high.

Potting the Young Plants

As soon as the leaf has a good set of young roots, it should be potted in a sterile mixture of sand, Sphagnum or peat moss, and good rich loam. When the young plants have made a good start; repot them in a richer mixture, cutting down on both sand and moss. Be sure when planting the rooted leaf, that the roots are barely covered, and firmly tamped. Care should be taken not to bury them too deeply, nor to pack the soil too tightly upon them.

Always provide good drainage, as sour soil will rot any type of flower, and the African violet is especially susceptible. A few chunks of broken pot, small stones, or, especially, a few pieces of charcoal will make good drainage. When potting, use a squat container, not more than five inches wide. If large show plants are desired, the plants may be transferred to a larger container, after they begin to mature. Almost any

Willard Luce

PROCESS OF GROWING VIOLETS FROM LEAF CUTTINGS

At right, leaf placed in water for the formation of rootlets; center, new plant in soil; at left, young plant putting out new leaves; background, violet plant in bloom.

type pot will do, although consistently better results have come from the porous clay containers. Check and make sure that the hole in the bottom goes clear through, so that complete drainage is possible, and waterings can be made from the bottom.

Watering the Plants

In most areas the water contains minerals and chemicals, both natural and those added for purification. Most of these are harmless to the plants, but they do tend to collect in the soil, after repeated watering from the bottom of the pot. At least once a week, give the plants a good soaking from the top, to wash out these waste materials from the soil.

In watering, take care not to wet the leaves of the plant. The old cry of "Don't ever water a violet from the top" has been disproved. In fact, a good top watering is essential, but water on the leaves may cause the plant to burn. Should the sun hit a wet leaf, a white scald will result, and the leaf will rot and fall. Another burn is caused by cold water. A violet abhors cold water and sudden temperature changes. A draft will cause complete bud droppage in a very short time.

The Proper Amount of Light

African violets love light, even direct sunlight, if it is carefully administered. Don't jeopardize your plant by placing it where the sun beams through a south or west window in the late spring and summer. An east or north window is best.

Feeding Violets

There are few set rules for feeding violets. One feeding a month until they begin to bloom is usually enough. A good feeding about once every two weeks while the plant is in bloom should suffice. If a plant seems to need an extra boost, dilute the food a little more and use it every ten days. Water only when the soil feels dry, and never leave the plant sitting in water.

Crown rot is the worst enemy of the African violet and is hard to combat. Almost always deadly, it can take a blooming plant in as little as five days. Should this happen, clip the healthy leaves from the plant, root them for new starts, and destroy the old crown. Never use the same soil that housed a diseased plant.

Dividing the Plants

Dividing plants is an operation that takes considerable practice to master. The violet grows in crowns, small plants within themselves, which can be separated easily, since all the leaves of one crown turn in the same general direction. A perfect crown has its own full rosette or circle of leaves, but sometimes the parts of a two-crown plant grow "back to back," and the rosette of each cannot be seen until they are divided.

Extreme care must always be taken in dividing, as the shock to the root system can be disastrous. It is wise to watch an expert the first few times. The crown can be gently pulled apart, or severed with a very sharp knife. Always divide the plant when there are few or no blooms, so that the strength of the severed plant can go into new roots, and the shock will be lessened.

Until you've actually owned a blooming violet, you won't be able to understand fully the almost fantastic popularity of this particular plant. Yet one violet seldom satisfies, and usually the growing of violets expands into a most delightful hobby.

"For This Cause"

Emily Wilkerson

ETTA was a big girl now with children of her own. But try as hard as she might, her tears came sliding down her cheeks. Her folks were selling the old home, and it was a siege of nostalgia that took her speeding out from her home in town. The thoughts that kept sweeping across her mind caused a rough lump to form in her throat.

She stopped the car on the parking in front of the big bridge and leaned forward on the wheel, looking at the big house and the surrounding yard.

"I wonder what other people think when they look at it?" she asked herself. "They don't have memories of flower beds blooming, that are now gone. That fence once was the pride of the whole family, with its even row of peeled cedar posts—look at it stagger and sway in the wind now."

Her eyes followed the row of rosebushes which had grown to uneven heights, the limbs fallen from trees tangled in their tops.

"No, people looking at it would not feel a warm love for the old moldy things that have been so treasured by me," she decided.

She got out of the car and started up the walk.

The stone steps that led into the house were chipped and worn. It was a funny thing how people let things go that, a few years back, they would have thought were terrible. As she went on into the house she noticed, for the first time, that her mother no longer kept the corners dusted and shining as she used to do. Maybe I should help her more, she thought. Her father was leaning over a large box of books, nailing the top on ready to ship to the new apartment in town.

"Well, Etta, I am glad you came. Seems a bit more than your mother and I can do to get these things together before the movers come to haul them away."

Now the movers had gone, and her father's car was racing on down the road to the new home. She wandered through the empty rooms looking at the bare walls and floors. She came to the bedroom where she and Joe had lived when they were first married; Ronnie had been born there. The walls still held the wallpaper that Joe had put on them fifteen years ago. How hard he had worked to finish that room in time to make it pretty and comfortable for her and the new baby!

Etta could see her mother standing at the foot of her bed, where she had suffered with her; but Etta couldn't do anything about it now, the time was past. It had taken until after Ronnie had started to school and Etta had five more children before she had felt that the children were really her own. They had seemed to be her mother's, and as if she were only tending them.

Big scars on the walls, where little Joey had poked holes with a play sword once when he was visiting his grandparents, didn't look so

hideous today. She wondered why her mother hadn't covered them up.

She saw the worn floors, where many little feet had traveled over the doorsills, wearing them thin. Those little feet were big feet now, and they were wearing trails down the river of time.

She came out into the late spring sunset and made sure the door was locked behind her. Then a heavy lump came again in her throat, and she walked, aching to stay, across the lawn to the car. Everything wanted to recall to her all that had ever happened in her life and plant her again a child right here. She wept silently. Well, maybe there was something to this after all:

> . . . lay up for yourselves treasures in heaven . . . . For where your treasure is, there will your heart be also (Mt. 6:20-21).

She knew she couldn't take the farm with her, and that she couldn't run it by herself. Her father had reached the milestone where he no longer could labor so hard. The glowing sun seemed to be a little brighter just before it sank behind the western horizon.

Etta slipped the key into the slot and started the car.

* * * * *

ETTA reminded herself that life is a moving thing, something that goes on and on and that, living or dying, we are continually leaving something dear behind us. Her mother had often told her to look forward and never back. How many times had she said, "Etta, you can't pick up your tracks, but watch carefully where you make new ones."

Etta looked at her own neat little garage as she parked the car. The shining kitchen floor smiled a gleaming welcome as she entered the house. How homey the yellow organdy curtains looked. "Home," she whispered, "new steps that Joe and I have taken together."

What was it her father had said to her the first night after they were married?

> For this cause shall a man leave father and mother, and shall cleave to his wife: and they twain shall be one flesh . . . (Mt. 19:5).

Etta looked out the window to see the big welding truck stop in front of the house. She saw Joe climb out in his dirty coveralls. No longer did she hate the coveralls, but she loved the strong character that shone throughout the lines of toil in Joe's dear face. She started placing the dishes on the table for supper, knowing the children would be flocking in, and feeling a deep contentment to plot new steps forever forward.

The Ornament

Thelma J. Lund

The ornament upon my desk,
Around which copper plate is pressed,
Was once a wrinkled leather shoe
That held a baby foot, and knew
Her first attempt to stand alone
And capture freedom for her own.

"Thou Art Thy Mother's Glass"

Helen B. Morris

DURING my turbulent adolescent years I was guilty of many of the impulses usually ascribed to the age. I slammed doors and dropped handkerchiefs full of tears. I protested and contested. More often than not my hostility was directed toward my parents, and my mother in particular.

One day when I sat down to my mirror, I discovered a newspaper clipping in place of the shiny nose I had anticipated. I have forgotten the words that were printed there, but the meaning is indelible in my memory. It was reminding me of my debt to my mother and that the repayment was due in kind consideration. It was a reminder put there by one who loved her most—my father.

It meant much even then. But today, as a mother myself, the meaning has become clear. I am getting understanding.

I think of my parents as I jump from my bed in the black night to rush to an anxious cry, and in a state of half consciousness attempt to satisfy the need. All I have to do is push a button to get a light, another for heat. My parents lighted a kerosene lamp and started a fire in the old Home Comfort before they could hush my cry and return to their warm bed.

I think of my parents when I hang out a line full of diapers every other morning. Again I push a button and my work is done. I remember that my father drew water from a well and carried it in a bucket to the kitchen. He chopped wood and built a fire to get it hot, then my mother washed the clothes I wore with the aid of a scrubbing board.

I remember my parents when I hold a child weak with fever in my arms. I am secure in the knowledge that whatever is wrong can probably be corrected with a visit from the doctor and a needle full of a wonder drug. Then I remember their anxiety as I choked with croup and burned with measles. I remember my mother trembling as we sat alone one rainy night with nothing to stop the bleeding from my tonsillectomy. I see their cheerful care and service day after day as I lay in bed for months with rheumatic fever.

When I go to town and buy armfuls of Christmas toys for my children, I remember my mother busy sewing clothes for my own precious doll. I see again the happy Christmas morning of my childhood.

When I find myself complaining at being alone when my husband's duties take him away from home, I remember the nights and days and weeks of service my father and mother have given for their Church and community. I know that very service has helped to create my heritage.

I look at my own babies relaxed and breathing deeply in their beds and feel a sudden gratitude that they are safe and near. Then I can

imagine why my parents were concerned about the time I came in from a date, and how fast my boy friend drove his car. I can understand their alarm when I sped away on the back of a squeaking, thundering motorcycle.

All this I have learned. The years ahead will teach me much more. And when my sons and daughters are men and women, I will look at them and see myself crossing the years again. They will be the reflection of my youth. Then I will understand what my father said when last we visited at home. During that sleepy hour before the dawn my child awakened crying that his ear ached. My father joined us in the kitchen as we prepared the aspirin and the hot water bottle. Our faces were drawn and our eyes half shut. "These are the joys of married life," he said.

"Thou art thy mother's glass, and she in thee calls back the lovely April of her prime" (Shakespeare, Sonnet 3).

My parents see in me the beauties of the days gone by. I find in them anew the gifts of life and sacrifice they gave to me.

Dreams

Zara Sabin

Little boy, with wide blue eyes
And sunny summer smile,
Of what do you think as you look so wise,
And hold my hand the while?

Do you know that I love you and wish you were mine?
That we would never part;
Is that why your eyes so brightly shine
As you snuggle against my heart?

Dear little boy with wide blue eyes,
If all of my dreams had come true,
I would have had children of every size,
With, maybe, a boy like you!

Happiness

Lucille R. Taylor

ALL the world is searching for joy and happiness, but these cannot be purchased for any price in any market place, because they are virtues that come from within, and like rare jewels must be polished, for they shine brightest in the light of faith, and in the service of brotherly love.

"Just Like the Ones I Used to Know"

Pansye H. Powell

MARGARET Rodgers turned on the radio for the ten o'clock news and found herself listening to the last measures of "Here Comes Santa Claus."

"Only December tenth," she commented aloud to the four walls of her living room, "and they've been broadcasting Christmas music for a week already."

Ordinarily Margaret loved Christmas music. Back home in Connecticut, she had always liked to have the songs played over and over, and she would sing with the radio. But that was in Connecticut. Now, she and Henry were a long way from their friends and relatives, and there was no possible chance of their spending Christmas with them; so every carol the radio played was a reminder to Margaret that, for this year at least, Christmas would not be too merry for a young couple who were strangers in a strange land.

She looked out her living room window to the mountains. She always thought of the Psalm when she did this; there was a kind of companionship in the snowcapped giants. They didn't change, but stood day after day, like tall guards over the city in the valley. "Whence cometh my strength," Margaret quoted softly, as she stood looking out across Fifteenth Street, through the barren branches of trees toward far heights.

She was not listening to the radio, though she was vaguely aware that a carefully modulated voice was now reporting on world affairs; her own affairs were too immediate and her own feelings too intense for listening to other matters. Henry said she ran the radio for company, just to have a voice in the house while he was gone all day at his new job in the telephone company office.

Henry knew she was lonely. They had lived in the valley city four months in the same house that they had rented upon their arrival. In that time Margaret had been busy at first, converting their rented house into a home, so she had not missed too much her friends in the little New England town where she had always lived until she and Henry were married. Now that everything was in order, her wedding presents all in place, and her thank-you notes all written, day after day she grew increasingly lonely for the companionship of neighbors and friends she had always enjoyed.

Why, she thought, I've lived here four months on this street, and I don't know anybody but my neighbors on either side; if one of them hadn't had a dog and the other a little boy, I wouldn't even know their names. As it is, I don't know much more than that about them. And, as for the people in the twelve other houses in this block, I know

the man across the street from us is a doctor, because he has a name plate by his door. It's strange to live where your close neighbors are strangers. I wish . . . .

HER reflections on the strangeness of the 1900 block on Fifteenth Street were cut short by the ringing of the doorbell. When she opened the door, there stood the postman, with a big box in his hand.

"Good morning," his cheery voice greeted her. "Got a Christmas package for you already. From Connecticut, too. Guess they wanted to be sure you got it in time!"

Margaret beamed. "Oh, thank you! That is from Mother. She wrote us it was on the way."

Margaret and the postman were acquaintances of four months' standing. She enjoyed his genial attitude and air of accepting her as one of the established citizens. Now she watched him go off her porch and through the side lawn to her neighbor's on the south. Then she turned to her mail.

She placed the package from home by the fireplace, feeling warmed by an inward glow as she thought of the loving hands that had prepared it for her, It would be something to look at and think about until Christmas Eve, when she and Henry would follow her family's custom of opening their packages before they went to bed.

Margaret sat down by the living room window with her needlepoint. Her train of thought persisted in returning to her loneliness in this land. She thought of the time two months ago when she had stood at the bay window in her dining room and watched a casket being carried from a home down the street half a block. My neighbor, she had thought, and I don't even know whether he is old or young, man or woman. She remembered that her neighbor on the north — the one with the little boy — had told her during one of their brief conversations that the people in the two houses across the street had once had a disagreement over a fence dividing the two lawns, and were not even yet on friendly terms with each other.

She wondered that her neighbors all seemed to go their own ways, each wrapped up in his own little world. She had gone to church each Sunday since their arrival in the city, but no one had yet come to call on her, and she was sure that no others in the block were Latter-day Saints, although she saw her neighbors setting out on Sunday morning at about church time, as she left her house.

The only tie that she and Henry shared with these people in her block was the tie of the neighborhood; to a stranger in a community that tie was very important. It gave him the sense of belonging, of being part of the real life of the town. So far, she and Henry had not had any of this "belonging" spirit shared with them.

ONCE Margaret had an idea, she followed it to its ultimate expression. That was how it happened that on Saturday afternoon she was busy at her desk. There she decorated a group of white cards with a border of Christmas holly running around the edge.

Then in red ink she wrote this greeting:

> Just once a year
> For Christmas cheer
> Let's neighbors all be jolly
> And prove that we
> Can friendly be
> Amid the pine and holly!

She signed each card "From Your Neighbor on Fifteenth Street."

Later in the day, she made a trip down to the post office, where she mailed a card to each family in the block. On the way she had stopped at Henry's office, told him her idea, and secured his help in locating the names and addresses of her neighbors.

On the way home from town she and Henry stopped to buy a beautiful tall tree, a perfect pine, just the right height to fill the corner by the fireplace in their living room. They spent that evening decorating the tree—their first tree together in their own home, the first they hoped of many they would share, as their lives went on together through the years.

Margaret sighed happily as she stepped back to view the finished tree. Henry had placed the star at the very top, where it glowed with soft radiance when he turned on the Christmas tree lights. He put his arm around her and bent to kiss her cheek.

"Happy?" he questioned. There was affectionate anxiety in his voice, for he knew how she must feel, so far away for the first time in her life from the people she knew best, at the time of year when home ties pulled most strongly.

"Very happy, dear," she answered. "I guess I'd be happy anywhere with you, Henry. Of course I miss everybody back home, but we'll just have to be patient, and soon maybe we'll have people here that we'll like, too, almost as much."

Sunday they went to church and spent the day quietly together. Monday morning Henry hurried off to the office by eight-thirty, and Margaret was alone again. She straightened her house with an efficiency that would have pleased her meticulous housekeeper-mother; she put on her prettiest blue-checked gingham housedress. Then she took her needlepoint and sat down quietly by the window to work at it, feeling lonely but comforted as she looked at the big package under the tree. Sometime over the weekend another package had appeared beside the one from Connecticut; that would be Henry's, she knew, for her. She would not let herself be tempted to peek into it. She would wait, for Christmas would be different anyway this year, and she would not spoil any of its pleasure by foreknowledge of her gifts.

AS she worked, she could watch life going on along Fifteenth Street. She saw her neighbor on the north drive out her driveway; her little boy's head could just be seen above the car door as they went past her window. Across the street another neighbor was sweeping her walks, pushing a flurry of leaves before her broom. Everything was so placid and homey in the gentle December sunlight.

At eleven o'clock the postman came down the street, stopping at each house to leave his package and

letters. He did not miss a one. Margaret smiled to herself; she had seen to that, for every house in the block would have a card today from her, a neighbor. Finally he came up her steps. She heard the click of the lid as he closed her box. Margaret went out for her mail.

There were Christmas advertisements from the local stores, cards from the East, and a small package from Henry's sister in Minneapolis —but where was the little card she had mailed to herself? She had thought she would know when her neighbors received the cards she sent if she sent herself one, and the card had not arrived. Well, perhaps it would be on the afternoon delivery.

She had read her mail and placed the gift unopened under the tree, and was in the kitchen just ready to start preparing a small lunch for herself when the doorbell rang.

An elderly woman whom Margaret had noticed many times on the street was standing at the door. Her voice shook with age as she said, "Good morning! I'm your neighbor, Mrs. Stoneman. This card was left at my home by mistake today. It is addressed to you, and it is such a lovely day I just thought I'd walk up with it."

"Why, thank you," Margaret smiled. "That's very kind of you. Won't you come in and rest a minute before you go back?"

The older woman seemed happy to be invited in. "I've been meaning to come to see you," she said, "ever since you moved here, but my husband was ill at the time and after his death I just haven't done much more than I've had to."

Margaret had another of her ideas. "Why don't we have lunch together?" she queried. "You're alone and I'm alone, so let's just have a snack here together. I'd love to have you, if you will."

"I wouldn't want to put you out . . ." began Mrs. Stoneman, but Margaret interrupted.

"I'd just love to have you. I'm alone so much that it's a real pleasure to have someone with me. I made some salad this morning for our dinner tonight and there's plenty for our lunch. I'll open a can of creamed chicken."

"Then I'll stay, and it's a pleasure to me to be here. After John died, I just stayed on in the house by myself. The children want me to live around among them, but I'd rather stay in my own place. My son John is coming for me at two o'clock to take me out to his house for the afternoon and for dinner tonight. May I call him to tell him I'm over here?"

"Of course." Margaret placed her Christmas card on the table and hurried out to the kitchen. She had the chicken on to warm and was serving the salad when Mrs. Stoneman joined her.

LATER, over their ice cream and cookies, Mrs. Stoneman praised the salad which Margaret had made from a new recipe which she had found in a newspaper.

"Would you like a copy of the recipe?" Margaret asked, proud that her dish had won the praise of a practiced cook.

"I'd love it. I'll never be too old to enjoy something new. It's very kind of you to make the day so

pleasant for an old woman like me."

Margaret copied the recipe. She and her guest were just finishing the dishes when a car stopped out front. Mrs. Stoneman exclaimed, "There's John now, prompt as a clock!"

Margaret helped her new friend into her coat and escorted her to the door. John Stoneman smiled genially in answer to his mother's introduction of the younger woman and then carefully helped his mother down the steps to the car.

"Come to see me sometime," Mrs. Stoneman called back, and John tipped his hat to the pretty, flushed little housewife at the door.

Margaret watched them out of sight, then turned back to her cheerful living room, which seemed somehow to be still harboring a friendly spirit.

When Henry came home, Margaret was full of her day's experiences. After Mrs. Stoneman had left, she had gone out into the yard to hang out her dish towels in the winter sunlight. And there, across the street, were Mrs. Wright and Mrs. Hatcher, who hadn't talked to each other for so long, carrying on an animated and friendly conversation! Then who should walk by together but Pola Gorlowski and Jack Frank, whose families lived side by side. Mrs. Stoneman had told her about them all.

"Do you suppose," Margaret questioned, "that the Christmas cards did all that?"

"Could be," Henry answered.

Time moved on, pushed by Christmas rushing. The little pile of packages under Margaret's tree grew steadily as the mails brought remembrances from faraway friends. Her own present for Henry was carefully wrapped in concealing papers and placed with the other packages. Every night she and Henry made a fire in the fireplace and sat in their living room, breathing the fragrance of the tree, happy to be together, drawn closer by their common homesickness.

On Wednesday afternoon before Christmas, Henry called home from the office. "How'd you like to go out to dinner tonight?"

"Wonderful," Margaret assented. "What're we celebrating?"

"Oh, nothing in particular. Just thought I'd like to take the prettiest girl I know out to dinner for a change."

THEY dined at one of their favorite spots, leisurely enjoying the food, lingering over their dessert as they used to do before they were married. Finally Henry said, "Guess the old office drudge had better do that work he brought home tonight, Mrs. Rodgers. I'll take you to the show some other time. Let's not do everything the same night."

When they drove up in front of their house, Margaret exclaimed, "Did we leave all those lights on?"

"Don't remember doing that," Henry grinned. "Maybe we've got visitors."

"Henry!" Margaret scolded. "You knew all the time something was going to happen. What is it?"

"Well, Mrs. Stoneman called me today at the office and said some of the neighbors wanted to give us a surprise party for Christmas. I don't know any more than you what's going on."

"Let's go find out," Margaret suggested. They ran up the walk, hand in hand, enjoying the thrill of the surprise party before they were even a part of it. It was Dr. Broderick who opened the door for them. In their living room were all the neighbors in the block—the Franks, the Gorlowskis, Mrs. Wright, Mrs. Hatcher, Mrs. Broderick, the Crotons with their dog, and the Johnsons with little Jimmie. Mrs. Stoneman beamed from the kitchen door.

"Surprise!" they all shouted. Margaret laughed and cried as they crowded around to shake her hand and Henry's. Jimmie pointed to the tree, under which the stack of gifts was piled high. Dr. Broderick made a speech.

"We people who live on Fifteenth Street want you to know that we are glad you have come to live with us. We want to be good neighbors to you and to one another. We hope you will be very happy in our neighborhood, and that we will all be happy together. We're really glad to have this opportunity to be together, and we hope you will enjoy the little gifts we have brought for your house."

"Oh, thank you!" Margaret breathed, smiling bravely through a mist of tears. "How lovely of you to do this. Who ever thought of it?"

EVERYONE looked at Mrs. Stoneman.

"Well," she admitted, "I did sort of work up the idea. I knew you were lonely out here, and I thought we could cheer you up and have a chance to know each other better, too. Now, I think you should open your packages."

Everyone watched eagerly as Henry and Margaret unwrapped their gifts, exhibiting each in turn and identifying the givers. The gifts were not expensive, but all were useful, from the crocheted pot lifters Mrs. Stoneman had made to the pretty winter bouquet Mrs. Frank had arranged. Even Jimmie brought a contribution; it was a glass fish from the dime store, but it looked like costly crystal to Margaret.

Later she stole out a moment to talk to Mrs. Stoneman, who was stirring cocoa in the kitchen. They were alone; everyone else was playing charades in the living room.

"Why did you do it?" Margaret whispered. "Did you know that. . .?"

"Of course, I knew," Mrs. Stoneman's voice held laughter. "My son's the handwriting expert on the police force. All I had to do was to show your Christmas card and your recipe to him. He identified you immediately. I think it was a wonderful idea, and so do all your neighbors. Even Mrs. Wright and Mrs. Hatcher are glad you sent those cards. They wanted to be friends again, but neither would make the first gesture. Each thought the other sent the card . . . . Listen!"

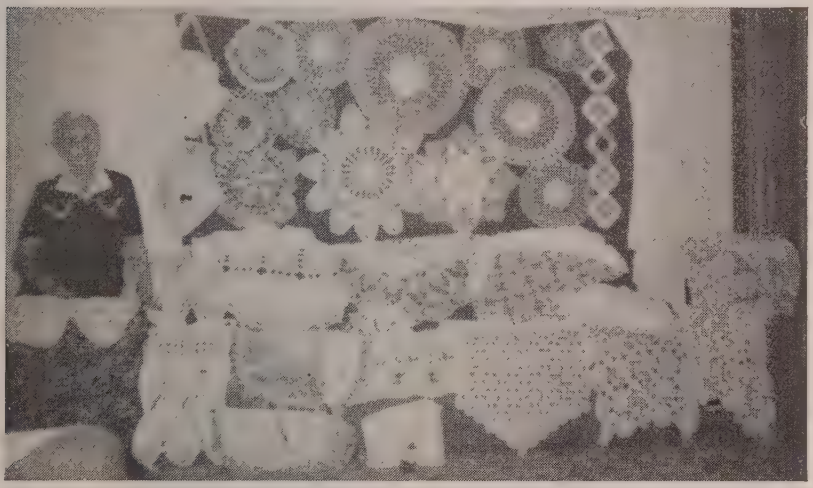
In the living room Olga had sat at Margaret's little spinet piano. She began playing softly "I'm Dreaming of a White Christmas."

One by one the voices took up the words. Jimmie's piping little soprano joined with Dr. Broderick's bass. Out in the kitchen Mrs. Stoneman hummed as she stirred the cocoa. Margaret stood silent, looking out through barren branches toward mountains lost in winter

gloom. She saw a white snowflake float against the pane. Others followed rapidly.

"Just like the ones I used to know," the voices were singing. Margaret repeated softly, " 'Just like the ones I used to know.' Oh, Mrs. Stoneman, thank you! I can never thank you enough. I'll never be lonely now."

"Don't thank me," Mrs. Stoneman ejaculated. "You did it yourself. You saw what this street needed and you did something about it. We are the ones who should thank you. Here, you wipe your eyes and take these cookies in. When they finish that song, they'll be ready to eat everything in the house!"



Adah A. Harper Martin, Mesa, Arizona, Has Crocheting for a Hobby

ADA A. Harper Martin has many worthwhile hobbies, but crocheting is one of those which has given much pleasure to her and to her friends and relatives. Among the numerous articles which she has completed are twenty-one tablecloths (fifty-four by fifty four inches); three afghans; over one hundred hot pads; and "so many doilies, I don't know how many, all kinds, ruffled ones and fancy ones, and so many other things too numerous to mention."

She has been married fifty-five years, has six children, thirty-two grandchildren, and seventeen great-grandchildren. She reared her family on a farm, and still found time for much Church work. She has been active in Sunday School, Primary, and years ago in Religion Class. Interested in genealogical work, she has completed extensive research, has done temple work for hundreds of names, and for the past five years has served as an ordained temple worker. She has been a Relief Society visiting teacher for thirty seven years. Now, at the age of seventy-seven, she is still busy, still happy, and still useful.

Make Soup Often

Rhea H. Gardner

Extension Service Home Management and Furnishings Specialist
Utah State Agricultural College

ALL hail to soup! Budget stretcher, appetite stimulant, time saver, and all-around good food! No matter what size the appetite may be, there's a soup to satisfy it.

Soup made of clear meat stock and seasoned with vegetables makes a delicious beginning to a luncheon or dinner.

To prepare the stock, cover a 4 or 5-pound fowl, or a soup bone from veal or beef, with 12 cups cold water. Simmer for about 3 hours or until meat is tender. Then add:

5 sticks celery
½ bay leaf
½ cup chopped onion
½ cup chopped carrots
6 sprigs parsley
1 teaspoon salt

Simmer the stock-vegetable mixture about ½ hour longer. Remove from heat and cool. Strain the broth and chill. It will solidify and make a good aspic or jellied soup. Serve either chilled or piping hot with bread sticks or crisp wafers.

Canned soup stocks or bouillon cubes may be substituted for the homemade soup stock.

Split Pea Soup is a favorite main course dish. A set or tossed salad and a light dessert are all that are needed to complete the meal.

To make split pea soup you will need:

1 pound split peas
2 large stocks of celery
2 medium carrots
1 small onion
3 qts. boiling water
ham hocks, or
¼ pound lean cured ham
2 bay leaves
salt to taste
½ teaspoon thyme

Combine all except thyme and simmer until peas are soft. Add thyme last 20 minutes of cooking. Press through a sieve, reheat, and serve.

Potato Soup was a favorite main dish in pioneer days when fresh meat as a rule was a "company" food. It is still a favorite in many families.

Dice 3 medium to large potatoes and cook in enough hot water almost to cover until potatoes are nearly tender.

While they are cooking, dice 3 strips bacon and fry to a light brown. Remove bacon to a dish. To the hot fat add:

1 small onion chopped fine
2 tablespoons flour
1½ teaspoon salt
¼ teaspoon celery salt
dash of pepper

Stir continuously until the mixture is light brown. Add 1 quart milk and continue to stir until thickened and free of lumps. Add potatoes, mix, and serve.

This soup, served with slices of Swiss or cheddar cheese, a crisp, colorful salad, and a light dessert, makes a well-balanced "five-star" meal.

Tuna Chowder is another soup that is almost a complete meal in itself. In a deep kettle saute until tender 2 thinly sliced, medium-sized onions in 2 tablespoons of oil

drained from the tuna. Add 1 cup boiling water, salt to taste, ⅛ teaspoon thyme, ⅛ teaspoon pepper, and 4 medium diced or sliced potatoes. Simmer in a covered pan for 15 minutes, then add 1 cup cooked peas, 1 seven-ounce can tuna, and 3 cups milk. Simmer for a few minutes and serve at once. Other kinds of fish, lightly beaten eggs, or grated cheese may be used in place of the tuna. If eggs are used, stir them into the hot soup seconds before it is to be served. You may wish to add grated cheese after the soup is put into individual bowls.

Cream-Base Vegetable Soups are both appetizing and nutritious. They provide an excellent way for using left-over vegetables and vegetable stock.

Saute 1 tablespoon minced onion in 2 tablespoons butter for five minutes over low heat. Blend in 1½ tablespoons flour, ¼ teaspoon salt, and ⅛ teaspoon paprika.

Stir in slowly and heat to the boiling point, 1 cup whole milk and 1 cup vegetable stock. Add ¾ to 1 cup cooked minced or sieved vegetables. Season as desired. Serve piping hot.

I Found October

Agnes Just Reid

I woke to find October at my gate
And looked upon a dead and frozen world;
Each flaming flower had met the common fate,
Each leaf and petal lay distorted, curled.
But autumn sun still beamed benignly warm,
There was no time to waste in vain regret;
The same Good Giver brings the sun and storm—
Death is the thing, in life, we must forget.

We cannot shadow now with things to come,
We must press on to happiness ahead.
Tomorrow is the day for which we sigh,
We must forget the past, the flowers dead.
For well we know, despite the bitter pain,
That everything that dies will live again.

Stilled Moment

Maryhale Woolsey

When older eyes scan tall October hills,
Seeking the bright mosaic of yesterday,
And find, instead, the summit hoary white,
Contoured against cloud banks of sullen gray . . . .
Time becomes one stilled moment, sharply etched
Upon the heart—and winter's frigid hand
Foretouches life, as first snow early falling
Dims the warm splendor of the autumn land.

Hermanas

Chapter 4

Fay Tarlock

Synopsis: The story "Hermanas" (sisters) is narrated by an American woman living temporarily in Mexico. She has befriended Lolita, a widow, and her lovely young daughter Graciela. At Church Graciela is introduced to Jim Flores, studying to be a doctor, and they are immediately attracted to each other. Graciela enrolls in a secretarial school, and her friendship with Jim deepens into love. One day the American Senora and her husband take Graciela to dinner in a fashionable restaurant, where they meet a wealthy Mexican, Senor Munoz.

BECAUSE it was late, Graciela spent the night with us. Before she removed her jacket, she must call Jaime to tell him of the wondrous events of the day. It was his night to be on duty, but she felt close to him, she said, in the house that was a home to both of them. Eager about Saturday's plans, her eyes soft with love, she said, "If Jaime had this day free I would not go." Anxiously she looked at me. "Senor Munoz was kind enough to include my mother in the invitation . . . would it be proper, would you be in agreement that she go?"

I wondered what the Senora Valades would say to Lolita, the quiet little serving woman in the black dress. "Of course we would be glad to have your mother. She might enjoy the ride and a day in the warm sunshine."

Graciela's eyes danced. "I will tell her your words. She may be persuaded to come." She grew pensive. "I wish Jaime were free." Her eyes searched mine. "If he were, would you ask the Senor for permission? It would not be proper for me."

"The Senor is not an old personal friend. It is just as well Jim stays at the hospital, for I do not wish to ask favors."

Lolita did not go. There was a worried look on her face when she came to the wall door, old Ramon close behind. "It is only because you will watch her, Senora, that I consent." Disapproval was in her voice.

We came to the Munoz home in the countryside about one o'clock. It was my first visit to a Cuernavaca estate; so the details are vivid to me. The gatekeeper, in his long shirt and loose white trousers, opened the iron gate for us, and we rode down the long shrub and flower-bordered drive to the house. Hollywood could not have created a better scene, the low-tiled-roof house of many wings, the quiet patios filled with the perfume of flowers and splashing fountains, the long arcades with the orange passion flower and honeysuckle swaying in the breeze.

Down the grassy slope that led to the floor of the little valley was a giant swimming pool, rippling blue-green in the warm breeze. The bathhouse, with its marble pillars and perfumed vines, might have been lifted from an ancient Roman villa. The modest little Greek temple on one side was devoted to steam baths.

At the opposite end of the valley was a pleasure dome, straight out of Xanadu and Kubla Khan, and complete with a river.

The little river swirled and dashed along the bottom of a natural barranca, artificially terraced and gardened. Close by the frothing waters were shade-covered benches and hammocks. There were, in addition, rose gardens, Camellia and gardenia gardens, pools mirroring banana fronds and bamboo, and running streams with serene white ducks. And, hidden by a tall hedge, a prosaic vegetable garden.

Inside the house our feet sank in the soft pile of Chinese rugs. The kitchen, which haunts me still, was tiled in brilliant blues and yellows, and had three refrigerators and sinks, as well as three white-capped cooks. Down the center of the huge room ran a double tiered table upon which was arranged every cooking utensil known to man. Even John, whose perpetual retort to extravagance was "*no funccione*" was impressed into silence. Graciela's eyes, on the tour of inspection, were big as saucers, but she kept her head high. Once she whispered, "I wish Jaime could see this."

Miguel Munoz was the perfect host. He made us feel that he meant the traditional, "My house is yours." But the long-faced, sharp-eyed Senora Valades who greeted us, asked shortly to be excused, saying she had a headache.

"My mother-in-law," Senor Munoz explained politely, "does not speak English, and it would further strain her head to be with us today." It was my secret opinion that the lady did not care for Americans.

His daughter, a pretty, sulky-looking girl of fifteen, with reddish brown hair, came to shake hands with us. She was dressed in a gay peasant skirt and white blouse with handmade lace, and was soon excused to ride away in a foreign sports car with a male cousin to an afternoon party at another estate.

Left to ourselves, we lounged in the sun and shade, and ate fresh strawberries by the turbulent stream. Everything was ordered to please us, from the time of swimming to eating in the shaded patio. Graciela, by some inflection in the Senor's voice, was always included and made to feel honored and safe. When dusk fell, it was unpleasant to know we must leave this place of luxurious fantasy.

As we walked towards the car, the perfume of the flowers strong in the swift-falling dark, Graciela leaned close and whispered, "When we leave tonight, this place will disappear in the darkness and never come to life again."

"Yes," I whispered back, "I can see the genie. He's waiting, ready to rub the lamp."

Senor Munoz, ahead with my husband and the twins, turned back to smile at us. "I look forward to spending many more pleasant Saturday afternoons with you in the sunshine of Cuernavaca. It is a promise, is it not?" Perhaps the genie was not yet ready.

A few days later John flew to the States on business, and I lunched at Sanborn's with two American friends. Halfway through our meal, a gentleman I knew seated himself

at a small table, almost touching ours. He was the jaunty and elderly Mr. Henry Carson, an important official in the bank where we had our small account.

In Mexico it is not exactly easy for a foreigner to cash a check. Early in John's work he had made arrangements with Mr. Carson to cash some of the American men's checks. Quite often I had climbed the long stairs to Mr. Carson's office to get his signature on a check. A few times his secretary, a beautiful young woman, *moda aristocratic*, would sign for him. Mr. Carson, who had long been a widower, treated her with fatherly solicitude.

Today he did not look pleased. Indeed he was *triste*, the Mexican *triste*. Because our tables were so close I discreetly asked him why he looked so downcast. He sighed as he gave his order to the pretty waitress in her long skirt and bright headdress. "My secretary," his sigh was longer, "has been with me for almost seven years. She is everything a good secretary should be: efficient, kind, tactful, intelligent and even beautiful. Now she is leaving me to be married."

"That was to be expected," I said. "I've often wondered how you could keep so attractive a girl shut up in a banker's office."

"I know." He struck the table with the tines of his fork. "It has been my good fortune that her fiance took so long to establish himself." He gazed sadly at his fork. "You know the custom here, a man must be able to afford a wife before he marries. And now," he pushed his fork away from him as if it were the offending bridgegroom, "I must find a new one. And that, my dear lady, is not easy."

By this time my two friends were deep in personal confidences, and I felt free to continue with Mr. Carson. "Why," I asked, hoping to cheer him, "is it so difficult? So many nice girls take business training. It should be easy to get one for so desirable a position as yours."

"Easy! My dear lady." His gray brows rose in protest. "Do you know what I require?"

"I'm interested in learning."

"She must be intelligent and adaptable. She must take shorthand as easily as the bird flies and type like an angel."

"Pues." I shrugged my shoulder in true Mexican style. "A little difficult, but not impossible. What else?"

"I have only begun." He drummed on the table with his knuckles. "She has to have a voice as soft as Micaela's. After seven years I couldn't stand a strident voice."

"Continue, Senor," I encouraged him.

"She has to be tactful, intuitive. She must have a cheering smile, for I grow frosty these late mornings of my life."

"And is that all?" I asked it with a little impudence.

"Oh, above all, in addition to being able to spell in Spanish, she has to speak English, hear English, write English, as if she were English born."

JOHN was not there to restrain me, though I could hear his voice, slightly irritated, warning me, "You can't rush in there and offer

to find him a secretary. Our relations have been strictly business. Besides, he's able to help himself." I did not listen to the voice.

"I think, Mr. Carson, that I could find you a secretary with all your qualifications — and more — if you are interested."

"Am I interested?" He sat erect in his chair, his shrewd eyes burrowing deep into mine. "My dear lady, you have heard me complaining and ruining my digestion, so much so that I'll be unable to enjoy one of the few pleasures, left me, my lunch at Sanborn's. Where is this paragon, if she does exist? And I tell you plainly, I am all doubts."

I planned my words carefully. "I could come to see you sometime next week . . . if you really want to hear about her?" In all my plans for Graciela, some of which I admit, in retrospect, were a little confused, I had not thought of a position comparable to the one Henry Carson would offer.

"Next week!" His voice rose high. "You can't hold me over the coals that long. Come sooner, in fact, come today."

I glanced at my companions, still deep in conversation over their dessert. "We're waiting for the Juarez shops to open. If I come by around four o'clock, will you be in?"

"I'll be holding the door open until you come." Just then his waitress set his dish of creamed chicken before him, and he sniffed it distrustfully.

I bowed, smiled, and was gone.

It had been our plan to keep Graciela in school a month longer. What was a month? I fairly hugged myself with joy.

Our interview ended with my promise that Graciela would see him the next day. After he had interviewed her, his Micaela would give her tests for English, shorthand, and typing. If, in my interview, I gave the impression that Graciela's mother had been more a companion and less a cook to the Señora Urbina, I did it on purpose. Mr. Carson would just as soon have Lolita a laundress as a duchess, but Micaela of the aristocratic mien must not be prejudiced.

The night before Graciela's tests was a rainy one. Jim came for supper at the respectable hour of seven. Marita and Judy were already in bed, and the three of us had the living room in blessed peace. Our three heads were close together in the circle of light cast by the one reading lamp. In the semi-gloom outside the circle, the brown walls and the dark carved mahogany chairs and chests loomed huge in the shadows. Jim sat close to Graciela on the Morocco leather sofa, drilling the nervous girl in terms he deemed peculiar to bankers. I pretended to read, but my eyes were more often on her bent head.

In this tense atmosphere the telephone ring came like an explosion. Swiftly I crossed to the fireplace and snatched the receiver off its hook. Miguel Munoz was on the other end. After his gracious salutations, he informed me that he had at his disposal for tomorrow night in the Belles Artes a box for the last performance of a famous Spanish dancer. "It was only this last moment

that I knew the box was free," he apologized.

I would like nothing better, I told him, than to see the dancer, but at this time my husband was in the States and we would therefore be unable to go. The Senor, who knew his old Spanish customs, did not press the subject, but I was certain the smothered sound of displeasure I, inadvertantly, heard was not caused by my refusal.

After the Senor had expressed his regrets, he asked in an elaborately casual way about the little Graciela. Had I seen her since the Saturday we had honored his home?

"She is with me tonight." That should have been all I said, but in a rush of understanding, I knew why my favor had been courted. I wanted to stop any further advances on his part. "Right now," I said, "her young man is preparing her for the ordeal she faces when she applies for her new position."

There was a second's eloquent silence on his part. Later, I knew how well he understood me, for my blunder gave him an opportunity to act with more precision than he had planned. Gracefully he said goodbye, promising to call as soon as my husband returned.

Both Jim and Graciela looked questioningly at me, as I placed the receiver in the cradle. "It was Senor Munoz." I sat down and picked up my book. "He asked about Graciela."

"The old boy is getting solicitous," Jim said, taking the pencil from Graciela's hand and closing her notebook. "Let's have a quick game of chess and call it a night."

Graciela got out the chess board, and I picked up some knitting. Jim won the game, then told us goodnight. We sat in the living room until we heard the lock click in the gate and his whistle as he trotted towards Insurgentes to get a bus.

NEXT morning I walked with Graciela to the Avenida and waited until she got on the red bus. She smiled shakily from the crowded platform. This next hour would be a milestone in her life, and no one could help her. As for myself, I had a hard time occupying myself the next few hours, and when the bell rang shortly before one o'clock, I was waiting at the gate to admit her. I did not have to ask the question, the joy in her face was enough.

"I am to return tomorrow," she said, when we had cried some happy tears together. "Mr. Carson's secretary will train me for two weeks, then I'll be, as you say, on my own. I am so happy I have that bursting feeling."

Jim came for dinner and took Graciela home. The first moment when Lolita could catch a glimpse of happier days to come was for mother and daughter alone. I wanted only one thing — Lolita to tell me of her joy — but she neither came nor telephoned, and I was vaguely hurt.

Graciela herself did not come so often. Her days were long, not broken by the long siesta hours, when the entire city seems to pile into busses, homeward bound. Graciela ate her lunch from Lolita's basket and worked by herself, trying to learn the office routine.

When she finally came, her joy in her work and in her new independ-

ence was contagious. As usual, she came on Saturday. Jim was waiting, and they took the children to Lindberg Park. When they left, at night, they planned to meet the following Saturday.

When that next Saturday came, Jim waited in the garden until dusk. Each shadow that fell across the gate through the long afternoon meant Graciela. When it became too dark for shadows, he still sat there, refusing to go into the house with John and the twins.

"Don't worry," I kept repeating. "Something has come up. You know how difficult it is for her to telephone."

"I don't like the role of the suspicious lover." Jim leaned forward in his garden chair, his fingers interlaced, "but there is something wrong. I can't understand it. When I waited for her at work two days ago she looked strained and jumpy, and that isn't like Graciela." He looked at me for confirmation. "I thought maybe she was just overtired. She's been under a strain all summer, working to be ready for a job. Then this chance of a lifetime came so suddenly." He stood up, stretching himself and looking down at me from his slim height. "I'm not so sure now that I had the right answer."

Absent-mindedly he picked a pink rose from the bush near him and crushed the fragrant petals between his fingers. "I might as well say it aloud." Casting the rose aside he sat down again, facing me in the gathering darkness. "Do you know anything about this Munoz character, really? Has he been seeing Graciela?"

"I haven't seen or heard from him since that night he telephoned when you were here."

I was not as surprised by Jim's frankness as I might have been, for I had been ordering the same thoughts away from me. I rose, and Jim with me, our feet lingering on the tile path. When we came to the low front step, I paused, my hand on the carved lintel, "I may as well confess, the gentleman seemed too interested, but," and I almost believed myself as I said it, "I don't think he has seen her. I think he would see her through me. Anyway," I added lamely, "he doesn't even know where she lives."

"A little thing like that wouldn't stop him." Jim held the door open for me. "I'd go to San Angel tonight, but I'll be late at the hospital if I don't hustle." He called goodnight to John, and, a moment later, I heard his whistle for a taxi.

The next Saturday we did not see either Jim or Graciela.

(*To be continued*)

October

Gene Romolo

Loveliest of all the autumn months
Is dulcet-toned October;
For her the welkin wears a brighter blue . . .
For her the sun turns high its golden lamp
And sets it in the west at close of day,
To burn . . . and burn . . . and burn . . .
Until it forms another gleaming world . . .
Another gold-paved way.

Wearing a Pretty Face

Mabel Law Atkinson

TODAY when I was resting, silently chanting sonnets in the process of creation to keep my mind from the almost unbearable arthritic pain in my legs and feet, the doorbell rang.

I erased the frown of annoyance that came to my face, and, by the time I reached the door and had opened it, I had managed a smile.

There stood my baby daughter — a senior in high school — tall and beautiful, who explained with a happy laugh, "I just wanted to hear the doorbell, Mom. I felt elegant as I rang it."

My laughter, in a minor strain, mingled with hers, for we are proud to have such a luxury after so many years of having callers knocking on our door.

Then, by some mystic alchemy, the wheels of time spun backward to a summer afternoon fourteen years ago, when I was summoned from my resting by a gentle knocking. Almost too ill to do so, I arose and slowly made my way to the door, reshaping my face into a smile of welcome on the way.

There stood my baby, a blue-eyed, yellow-curled little darling of four, laughing up at me. My smile had vanished and I greeted her with, "Why did you make mama get up and come to the door, my dear? Don't you know that is being unkind?"

I shall never forget seeing the radiant brightness fade from her sensitive little face, the laughter from her lips and eyes. A picture of contrite babyhood, the quick tears brimming over, she said, "But Mummy, I wanted to see you wearing your pretty face!"

The impact of those baby words, with their implication, had come as a shock to rouse me from all semblance of self-pity. Holding her close, I then realized that no matter how ill or fatigued I was, I must let this last little child of mine see a joyous, smiling mother as the others had done; that all of my dear ones needed my smiles more than did the occasional caller.

"A penny for your thoughts, Mom!" I was returned to the present by my daughter's voice, the same which had rebuked me, but with lilting overtones the years had added.

I looked into the unshadowed depths of her eyes, still the same clear-blue, and with quiet, reminiscent laughter easing my pain, I spoke more to myself than to her, "Dear little girl, I have found that 'wearing a pretty face' makes a lighter heart within me." And it still does.

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Notes From The Field

Margaret C. Pickering, General Secretary-Treasurer

All material submitted for publication in this department should be sent through stake and mission Relief Society presidents. See regulations governing the submittal of material for "Notes From the Field" in the *Magazine* for April 1950, page 278, and the *Handbook of Instructions*, page 123.

RELIEF SOCIETY ACTIVITIES

Photograph submitted by Elizabeth W. Hatch

IDAHO STAKE PRESENTS TABLEAU "A SCRAPBOOK OF ENGLISH LITERATURE" AT CLOSING SOCIAL, May 1955

Left to right: Rhea Lau, as Ann Hathaway, who introduced Shakespeare; Grace Whitworth, as Mary Bobbin, who introduced William S. Gilbert; Janice Andreason, as May Campbell, who told about her sweetheart, Robert Burns; Gale Sanders, as Emily Selwood Tennyson, who introduced Alfred Lord Tennyson; Norene Bunn, as Dorothy Wordsworth, who introduced William Wordsworth.

These women are the literature class leaders in the following wards, respectively: Soda Springs Second Ward, Chesterfield, Soda Springs First Ward, Lund, and Conda.

Wanda H. Reed, Secretary, Idaho Stake Relief Society, reports this unique tableau as being worthwhile and significant as a literature class activity: "This was held on a stake basis under the direction of the literature department, the stake leader being Gertrude Stephens. The women were attired in the costumes of their historic period."

Elizabeth W. Hatch is president of Idaho Stake Relief Society.

Photograph submitted by Odette Coulam

SANTA MONICA STAKE (CALIFORNIA) PRESENTS PAGEANT "GO FORTH AND TEACH," April 29, 1955

Standing at the front, left to right: Harold Nufer as Moroni; Nellie Stevenson, stake theology class leader; R. J. Howard as Helaman; Odette Coulam, President, Santa Monica Stake Relief Society; Theodore Bergeson as Alma; Helen Coleman, reader; Bishop Wallace R. Reid of LaCienega Ward.

Singing Mothers of the stake may be seen seated at the tables at the left.

Photograph submitted by LaRue O. Nixon

ROOSEVELT STAKE (UTAH) HONORS VISITING TEACHERS AT CONVENTION, May 15, 1955

Front row, left to right: Inez Burgener, Secretary-Treasurer; LaRue O. Nixon, President; Isobell Forsythe, a visiting teacher for sixty years; Anna Murray, First Counselor; Jean Summers, Second Counselor and composer of two skits and a poem for the convention.

Second row, standing, left to right: Eva Holmes, *Magazine* representative; Dawna Dennis, organist and composer of a song "Onward Visiting Teachers"; Dora Freston, visiting teacher message leader and speaker at the convention; Dr. Lurline Allen, social science class leader; Minnie Angus, chorister and composer of a song "Teachers."

Back row, standing, left to right: Katie Duncan, literature class leader; Venice Durfee, theology class leader; Erma Eldredge, work meeting leader.

LaRue O. Nixon, President, Roosevelt Stake Relief Society, reports this convention as being unusually successful. It was planned for "the three-fold purpose of honoring the visiting teachers, stressing the importance of their calling, and stimulating bet ter visiting teaching. The talents of the board members were improved through writing original songs and skits to stress the purposes, and taking part in the convention."

Photograph submitted by Mary Kotter

NEBO STAKE (UTAH). WEST WARD RELIEF SOCIETY CONDUCTS POETRY WRITING PROJECT

Front row, seated, left to right: Lillian Christiansen, First Counselor; Hazel Baird, President, and one of three winners; Ardell DeHart, literature class leader; Ruth Rothe, contest chairman and award winner in the contest; Bernice Thompson, award winner; Ina Sheets, who received honorable mention in the contest.

Second row, standing, left to right: May Hiatt, Second Counselor; Betty Hurst; Clay Jackson; Elda Throckmorton; Eva Hill; Rebecca Twede; Vera Finch.

Back row, standing, left to right: Edna Hendrickson; Erma Schramm; Mary J. McClellan; Ivena Hendrickson; Donna Hiatt.

Under the direction of Ardell DeHart, literature class leader, an inspirational and deeply satisfying poetry writing project was conducted in the spring of 1955. The poems, written by members of the West Ward Relief Society, were printed in an attractive booklet entitled "Whispered Thoughts." In their foreword to the booklet, Sister DeHart and Sister Rothe commented: "These poems have been written by the West Ward sisters 'while on the run.' . . . These poems show that no matter how busy we are, we can take a few moments out to grow a little. Each sister who contributed has added not only to her own life, but a touch of humor, whimsey, and beauty to our lives . . . ."

Mary W. Kotter, President, Nebo Stake Relief Society, expresses the joy and satisfaction which the women experienced in this creative activity: "These women have found the thrill of creative writing . . . . It is evidence of the happy times they have had in their literature lessons. Their poems were read during the luncheon period of a work meeting."

Four women received special recognition in the contest, three winners and one honorable mention. Lois Sorensen edited the booklet and did most of the typing and much of the arranging. Fern Wellington helped in the work of printing, and May Hiatt assisted with the entire project.

Photograph submitted by Virginia R. Vaterlaus

MONTPELIER STAKE (IDAHO), MONTPELIER SECOND WARD SINGING MOTHERS FURNISH MUSIC FOR STAKE QUARTERLY CONFERENCE, May 22, 1955

Center section, front row, at the right: Anna Chatterton (in dark dress), Second Ward chorister; center section, second row, fifth from the left: Lillian Phelps, Second Ward Relief Society President.

Left section, second row, first at the left: Ruth K. Anderson, soloist; third from the left: Virginia R. Vaterlaus, President, Montpelier Stake Relief Society.

Right section, front row, at the left: Jennie Spidell, organist.

In reporting the activities of this enthusiastic group, President Vaterlaus comments: "These Singing Mothers, under the direction of Anna Chatterton, have furnished special music upon many occasions. They presented a cantata in the ward and in the stake, and have furnished music for sacrament meetings, stake union meetings, and quarterly conference."

Photograph submitted by Beth M. Stallman

INGLEWOOD STAKE (CALIFORNIA) SINGING MOTHERS FURNISH MUSIC FOR RELIEF SOCIETY CONVENTION, May 1955

Organist Lucille Peel (in dark dress) is seated at the piano; chorister Kathryn Squire (in light dress) stands at the right of the piano.

Beth M. Stallman is president of Inglewood Stake Relief Society.

Photograph submitted by Genevieve Anderson

EAST LOS ANGELES STAKE (CALIFORNIA), EASTMONT WARD VISITING TEACHERS ACHIEVE A ONE HUNDRED PER CENT RECORD FOR FOUR YEARS

First row, seated on the floor, third from the left: Afton R. Later, President.

Back row, standing, fifth from the left: Florence Vance, Counselor; sixteenth from the left: Arvilla Scott, Counselor.

Genevieve Anderson is president of East Los Angeles Stake Relief Society.

Photograph submitted by Veda F. Moss

RENO STAKE (NEVADA) FORMER RELIEF SOCIETY PRESIDENTS HONORED AT VISITING TEACHERS CONVENTION

Front row, standing, left to right: former presidents Bertha Purdy, Isabell Cooke, Lena Oxborrow; Elder Stanley Lindsay, adviser to the present stake Relief Society board.

Back row, standing, left to right, Reno Stake Relief Society board: Mary Schelin, social science class leader; Roxa Keele, work meeting leader; Helen Dickson, chorister; Della Naef, visiting teacher message leader; Ada Sneddon, First Counselor; Veda F. Moss, President; JoAnn Stewart, Second Counselor; Alice Manley, Secretary; Zola Beebe, organist; LaRue Linthicum, literature class leader; Gladys Greive, *Magazine* representative; Edna Platt, theology class leader.

Photograph submitted by Dorothy Zaugg

WEISER STAKE (IDAHO), PAYETTE WARD SINGING MOTHERS FURNISH MUSIC FOR STAKE QUARTERLY CONFERENCE, June 1955

Organist Fannie Chandler stands in the foreground at the organ

Front row, left to right: Charlotte Stringham, chorister; Ada Budge, Counselor; Clara Kite; Blanche Bateman; Verla Jensen; Barbara Bahr; Reba Hammer; Ruth Glover; Iona Brown; Joyce Jorgensen; Delta Keck; Anna Olsen.

Back row, left to right: Reba Comish; Norene Vawter; Blanche Ashton; Ileen Sucher; Reah Kidd; Erma Chadwick, President; Edna Hardy; Rosella Sinclair; Jenny Wilde; Alene McDonald; Jean Smart; Loris Lords; Muriel Nicholes; Luella Frogley; Geneva Mitchell.

The Payette Ward chapel was dedicated at this conference.

Dorothy Zaugg is president of Weiser Stake Relief Society.

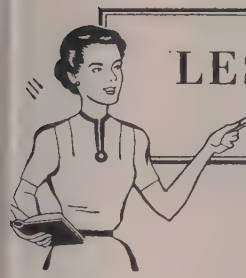
Redecorating

Dorothy O. Rea

The ceiling of my outdoor room
Is changed from blue to gray.
Summer walls, once splashed with green,
Are red and gold today.

The grassy carpet, too, is new.
Once woven shade and sun,
It's now embossed with maple leaves,
In shining colors spun.

The garden seat, where springtime sat,
Never fearing frost nor cold,
Is autumn's chair close beside
A hearth of flaming marigold.



LESSON DEPARTMENT

Theology—Characters and Teachings of The Book of Mormon

Lesson 36—Predictions Concerning the Coming of the Messiah

Elder Leland H. Monson

(Texts as cited in the Bible; Pearl of Great Price; The Book of Mormon)

For Tuesday, January 3, 1956

Objective: To show that the Israelites of the Western Hemisphere, as well as those of the Eastern Hemisphere, looked forward to the coming of Christ.

THE birth of Christ did not come unannounced and unheralded. The Israelites on the Eastern Hemisphere and on the Western Hemisphere looked forward to his birth in the flesh. The Hebrew nation had many records, accepted by them as revelations from God. These records were "rich in prediction and promise respecting the earthly advent of the Messiah."

Sacrifices Emblematical of the Sacrifice of Son of God

These records show that Adam and his descendants were instructed to offer sacrifices to God, emblematical of the great sacrifice of the Son of God who should come in the meridian of time. A modern revealed record of the fall of man in The Pearl of Great Price, contains the following narrative of this significant event:

> And after many days an angel of the Lord appeared unto Adam, saying: Why dost thou offer sacrifices unto the Lord? And Adam said unto him: I know not, save the Lord commanded me. And then the angel spake, saying: This thing is a similitude of the sacrifice of the Only Begotten of the Father, which is full of grace and truth. Wherefore, thou shalt do all that thou doest in the name of the Son, and thou shalt repent and call upon God in the name of the Son forevermore. And in that day the Holy Ghost fell upon Adam, which beareth record of the Father and the Son, saying: I am the Only Begotten of the Father from the beginning, henceforth and forever, that as thou hast fallen thou mayest be redeemed, and all mankind even as many as will (P. of G. P., Moses 5:6-9).

Adam's posterity looked forward to the coming of the Only Begotten Son of God to redeem them from their sins. Dr. James E. Talmage wrote:

> The system of sacrifice expressly en-

joined in the Mosaic code was essentially a prototype of the sacrificial death to be accomplished by the Savior on Calvary. The blood of countless altar victims, slain by Israel's priests in the course of prescribed ritual, ran throughout the centuries from Moses to Christ as a prophetic flood in similitude of the blood of the Son of God appointed to be shed as an expiatory sacrifice for the redemption of the race (*Jesus the Christ*, page 45).

Furthermore, blessing Judah, his father Jacob, prophesied:

The sceptre shall not depart from Judah, nor a lawgiver from between his feet, until Shiloh [Christ] come; and unto him shall the gathering of the people be (Gen. 49:10).

Job rejoiced in the redeeming power of the Messiah and prophesied: "For I know that my redeemer liveth, and that he shall stand at the latter day upon the earth" (Job 19:25).

Piercing the veil which separates the present from the future, Isaiah, "writing as if he saw the accomplishment of the divine purposes as if already achieved," wrote:

For unto us a child is born, unto us a son is given: and the government shall be upon his shoulder: and his name shall be called Wonderful, Counselor, The mighty God, The everlasting Father, The Prince of Peace. Of the increase of his government and peace there shall be no end, upon the throne of David, and upon his kingdom, to order it, and to establish it with judgment and with justice from henceforth even for ever. The zeal of the Lord of hosts will perform this (Isaiah 9:6-7).

Isaiah specifies conditions surrounding the Savior's humble life and sacrificial death. He saw that Jesus would be despised and rejected of men, that he would be a man of sorrows, and acquainted with grief (see Isaiah 53:3), that he would be a "patient and willing sacrifice" for the sins of men. (See also Isaiah 11:1; 7:14). Jeremiah, Ezekiel, Hosea, and Micah directed the attention of their generations to the future coming of the Messiah. (See *Jesus the Christ*, page 48.)

Behold, the days come, saith the Lord, that I will perform that good thing which I have promised unto the house of Israel and to the house of Judah. In those days, and at that time, will I cause the Branch of righteousness to grow up unto David; and he shall execute judgment and righteousness in the land (Jeremiah 33:14-15).

And I will set up one shepherd over them, and he shall feed them, even my servant David; he shall feed them, and he shall be their shepherd (Ezekiel 34:23).

Afterward shall the children of Israel return, and seek the Lord their God, and David their king; and shall fear the Lord and his goodness in the latter days (Hosea 3:53).

But thou, Bethlehem Ephratah, though thou be little among the thousands of Judah, yet out of thee shall he come forth unto me that is to be ruler in Israel; whose goings forth have been from of old, from everlasting (Micah 5:2).

Zechariah broke out in song regarding the entry of Jesus into Jerusalem:

Rejoice greatly, O daughter of Zion; shout, O daughter of Jerusalem: behold, thy King cometh unto thee: he is just, and having salvation; lowly, and riding upon an ass, and upon a colt the foal of an ass (Zechariah 9:9).

Zechariah also foretold the crucifixion and the contrition of the Jews: ". . . and they shall look upon me whom they have pierced . . ." (Zechariah 12:10).

And one shall say unto him, What are these wounds in thine hands? Then he shall answer, Those with which I was wounded in the house of my friends (Zechariah 13:6).

And I said unto them, If ye think good, give me my price; and if not, forbear. So they weighed for my price thirty pieces of silver (Zechariah 11:12).

Jesus Testifies of Prophecies Concerning Himself

That these prophecies which we have recounted did refer to the coming of Jesus in the flesh is explicitly stated by Jesus himself when he said to the apostles:

. . . These are the words which I spake unto you, while I was yet with you, that all things must be fulfilled, which were written in the law of Moses, and in the prophets, and in the psalms, concerning me. Then opened he their understanding, that they might understand the scriptures, And said unto them, Thus it is written, and thus it behoved Christ to suffer, and to rise from the dead the third day (Luke 24:44-46; see also Luke 24:25-27).

John the Baptist Testifies of Jesus as the Christ

Finally, John the Baptist proclaimed that:

I indeed baptize you with water unto repentance: but he that cometh after me is mightier than I, whose shoes I am not worthy to bear: he shall baptize you with the Holy Ghost, and with fire . . . . Then cometh Jesus from Galilee to Jordan unto John, to be baptized of him (Matthew 3:11, 13).

Prophecies of Christ in Book of Mormon

The scriptures kept by the people of the Western Hemisphere, The Book of Mormon, are just as explicit concerning the coming of the Son of God to redeem the world.

Nephi Testifies of Christ

Nephi, son of Lehi, informs us that as his father was journeying with the little colony across the wilderness towards the land of promise, that the Lord revealed the time and the place of the future advent of Jesus. Wrote Nephi:

Yea, even six hundred years from the time that my father left Jerusalem, a prophet would the Lord God raise up among the Jews—even a Messiah, or, in other words, a Savior of the world.

And he also spake concerning the prophets, how great a number had testified of these things, concerning this Messiah, of whom he had spoken, or this Redeemer of the world.

Wherefore, all mankind were in a lost and in a fallen state, and ever would be save they should rely on this Redeemer.

And he spake also concerning a prophet who should come before the Messiah, to prepare the way of the Lord—

Yea, even he should go forth and cry in the wilderness: Prepare ye the way of the Lord, and make his paths straight; for there standeth one among you whom ye know not; and he is mightier than I, whose shoe's latchet I am not worthy to unloose. And much spake my father concerning this thing.

And my father said he should baptize in Bethabara, beyond Jordan; and he also said he should baptize with water; even that he should baptize the Messiah with water.

And after he had baptized the Messiah with water, he should behold and bear record that he had baptized the Lamb of God, who should take away the sins of the world.

And it came to pass after my father had spoken these words he spake unto my brethren concerning the gospel which should be preached among the Jews, and also concerning the dwindling of the Jews in unbelief. And after they had slain the Messiah, who should come, and after he had been slain he should rise from the

dead, and should make himself manifest, by the Holy Ghost, unto the Gentiles (I Nephi 10:4-11).

Benjamin Testifies of Christ

King Benjamin, filled with the spirit of God, told his people:

For behold, the time cometh, and is not far distant, that with power, the Lord Omnipotent who reigneth, who was, and is from all eternity to all eternity, shall come down from heaven among the children of men, and shall dwell in a tabernacle of clay, and shall go forth amongst men, working mighty miracles, such as healing the sick, raising the dead, causing the lame to walk, the blind to receive their sight, and the deaf to hear, and curing all manner of diseases.

And he shall cast out devils, or the evil spirits which dwell in the hearts of the children of men.

And lo, he shall suffer temptations, and pain of body, hunger, thirst, and fatigue, even more than man can suffer, except it be unto death; for behold, blood cometh from every pore, so great shall be his anguish for the wickedness and the abominations of his people.

And he shall be called Jesus Christ, the Son of God, the Father of heaven and earth, the Creator of all things from the beginning; and his mother shall be called Mary.

And lo, he cometh unto his own, that salvation might come unto the children of men even through faith on his name; and even after all this they shall consider him a man, and say that he hath a devil, and shall scourge him, and shall crucify him.

And he shall rise the third day from the dead; and behold, he standeth to judge the world . . . (Mosiah 3:5-10).

Alma Testifies of Christ

Alma was equally as specific regarding the coming of the Messiah. He wrote:

And behold, he shall be born of Mary, at Jerusalem which is the land of our forefathers, she being a virgin, a precious and chosen vessel, who shall be overshadowed and conceive by the power of the Holy Ghost, and bring forth a son, yea, even the Son of God (Alma 7:10). (Read also 7:11-13.)

To his wayward son, Corianton, Alma said:

And now, my son, I would say somewhat unto you concerning the coming of Christ. Behold, I say unto you, that it is he that surely shall come to take away the sins of the world; yea, he cometh to declare glad tidings of salvation unto his people (Alma 39:15).

Thus we see that in all ages and in the scriptures of both hemispheres, the prophets have borne testimony concerning the future coming of the Messiah. The literal fulfillment of the prophecies validates our claim that they were of divine origin. Indeed, the sacred scriptures did announce, did herald the coming of the Messiah to redeem mankind from their sins.

Questions and Topics for Discussion

1. Discuss the predictions concerning the advent of the Messiah in the Old Testament.

2. In what way was the system of sacrifice a prototype of the sacrificial death of Christ?

3. What Book of Mormon prophets are mentioned who foretold the coming of Christ?

4. How specific were their predictions?

Visiting Teacher Messages

Book of Mormon Gems of Truth

Lesson 36—"Therefore, Blessed Are They Who Will Repent and Hearken Unto the Voice of the Lord Their God; For These Are They That Shall Be Saved" (Helaman 12:23).

Edith S. Elliott

For Tuesday, January 3, 1956

Objective: To point out that repentance and hearkening to the voice of the Lord bring salvation.

WE should be ever grateful that the Lord, mindful of our frailties, has provided us through the glorious principle of repentance with a way of obtaining eternal life. Knowing how cunning are the wiles of Satan, our Heavenly Father knows that some of his children will succumb to them, to a greater or less degree. But still he has given us our free agency and, therefore, we have the right to determine our life's behavior.

Christ taught repentance, pointing out his willingness to forgive sincere contrition. An example of his desire to guard and protect us is when he cried out in anguish:

> O Jerusalem, Jerusalem . . . how often would I have gathered thy children together, even as a hen gathereth her chickens under her wings, and ye would not! (Mt. 23:37).

An example of the saving power of repentance in an individual's life is the occasion when a sinful woman was brought before Jesus by the scribes and Pharisees. In his own way he gave her the opportunity to repent and admonished her ". . . go, and sin no more" (John 8:11).

The great prophets of all dispensations cried repentance. Their exhortations are told in both the Bible and The Book of Mormon.

Saul (Paul) in his repentance and humility, spent his life urging his fellow men likewise to repent and experience the fruitage of the gospel.

Samuel, the Lamanite, preaching the blessings of repentance, dedicated his life to show the way to salvation.

The scriptures are abundant in incidents proving the eagerness of our Father in heaven to shower his children with gifts and blessings on the principle of repentance. Great joy comes to both a wrongdoer and his loved ones, when he accepts the doctrine of repentance and patterns his future life in accordance with his repentance. We read in Luke 15:7:

> . . . joy shall be in heaven over one sinner that repenteth, more than over ninety and nine just persons, which need no repentance.

There are sins of omission as well as sins of commission. Sins of omission can cause deep sorrow. Neglect of doing a favor, speaking a kindly word, warning of danger, or failing to offer succor to the needy, is guilt that also calls for re-

pentance. In the New Testament we are advised:

> Therefore to him that knoweth to do good, and doeth it not, to him it is sin (James 4:17).

We need never hesitate nor fear to ask forgiveness in humility for our mistakes. Take comfort in this statement:

> Behold, he who has repented of his sins, the same is forgiven, and I, the Lord, remember them no more (D. & C. 58:42).

Work Meeting—Food Preparation and Service

(A Course Recommended for Use by Wards and Branches at Work Meeting)

Lesson 4—Soups

Rhea H. Gardner

For Tuesday, January 10, 1956

"OF soup and love," writes Thomas Fuller, "the first is best. Love has its charms, but only soup so well nourishes the young, stokes the fires of manhood, and comforts the old." A steaming bowl of good soup does more than whet the appetite and warm the stomach. The hot liquid taken into an empty stomach is easily assimilated, acts as a stimulant, and prepares the way for whatever follows. Soup is easy to make and easy on the budget.

Preparation of Soup Stock

Shank bones or knuckles make the most flavorful stock. If there is marrow in the bones, it will be that much better. Ask the butcher to cut the bones into several pieces so that all the flavor extracts will be dissolved as the soup cooks. Meat, bone, and fat, in the right proportions, are all necessary for the making of good soup stock. Serving greasy soup is a cardinal culinary sin. Often good soup bones are available for a nominal sum at butcher shops. Most of the meat is usually trimmed off, but you can buy soup meat to go with them, still making it a very good buy. A good soup has a pleasing appearance and a blended, satisfying flavor.

The soup stock may be either brown or just a plain clear color. To prepare brown stock, cut meat in one-inch cubes and brown them over moderate heat in marrow taken from the bone. If there is none, a small amount of suet cut into small pieces and melted may be used. Put the well-browned meat into the soup kettle with the bony parts. Cover the meat with cold water and bring it slowly to a boil. Simmer for several hours. Never let the soup boil. If vegetables are to be added to give flavor to the stock, wait until about half an hour before the soup is done, with all except the onions. They may be put into the soup a little earlier than the other vegetables. Add vegetables

that are to be served with the soup, just long enough before serving time to permit them to become tender. If green peas are to be added, precook them and add just before the soup is served. Cut all vegetables in pieces large enough so they will be identifiable when the soup is served.

The idea that everything can be dumped into the soup kettle is all wrong. Combine only flavors and foods that go well together. Give soup making all the care and thought you give any other dish. Meat trimmings and bones from roast meat can be used to make good meat stock. One or more bouillon cubes may be needed to improve the flavor.

Soup Variations

Meat stock may be served clear, either piping hot or chilled and jelled, as the first course of a formal dinner. With just a few vegetables and a spoonful of pearl barley, rice, or noodles, it may be the first course of an informal dinner. With an ample amount of vegetables, barley, noodles, or dumplings, soup may be the main course of the family meal. Thick soups are often the main course of a luncheon or supper.

If you wish to serve a light soup but have no meat nor meat stock, French onion soup is the answer. It is easily and quickly made. Saute five cups thinly sliced peeled onions in one-fourth cup of butter in a Dutch oven or heavy kettle. Stir onions often and fry until they are a beautiful golden brown — not any darker. Sprinkle onions with one-fourth teaspoon each of pepper and granulated sugar and one half teaspoon salt. While onions are browning, dissolve five chicken bouillon cubes in five cups of hot water. When onions are browned, sprinkle one tablespoon of flour over them and stir until well mixed. Add bouillon cubes and simmer twenty minutes.

Creamed soups are made by combining equal parts of white sauce and strained vegetables. Pour hot vegetable pulp and juice into the hot white sauce. Stir until blended. Grated cheese or finely cut parsley, sprinkled over the top of the soup just before it is served, make attractive variations.

"Sandwich sundaes" are favorites of many children. Pour a hot cream soup over a sandwich, either plain or toasted. Some favorite combinations are toasted cheese sandwiches with cream of tomato soup; cold lamb sandwiches with cream of pea soup; and tuna sandwiches with mushroom soup.

A soup which was frequently made by our grandparents, particularly those of Scandinavian descent, was dried fruit soup. Often it was served as the main course at the evening meal. It is good served hot or cold with cinnamon toast.

Soup may have been born out of the need of economy, but it is now served in homes of every rank and in every land.

Activity for the Class Leader

Discussion of canned, dried, and frozen soups.

Note the supplementary material to this lesson in the article "Make Soup Often," by Rhea H. Gardner, on page 662 of this issue of *The Relief Society Magazine*.

Literature—The Literature of England

Lesson 52—Kipling, the Poet of Empire (1865-1936)

Elder Briant S. Jacobs

(Textbook: *The Literature of England*, II, Woods, Watt, Anderson, pp. 896-909)

For Tuesday, January 17, 1956

Objective: To taste the full flavor of Kipling's pungent diction by reading some of his poems and learning of his experiences which made them possible.

KIPLING spoke for the great middle-classes—soldiers, clerks, sailors, housewives — who had tired somewhat of "literary" lady-like poets of the mid-century, and who hungered for the recreation of the realistic world of the here and now — fresh, terse, unvarnished, even harsh. Here lies the major accomplishment of the poetic Kipling.

Kipling's Parents

Kipling's parents, both children of Methodist ministers, met one balmy summer afternoon at secluded Rudyard Lake in rural Staffordshire; it was only fitting that their first-born be named after the place where their love began. In his autobiography *Something of Myself*, Kipling speaks of "my Father possessing his sage Yorkshire outlook and wisdom, and my Mother, all Celt and three-parts-fire, were both so entirely comprehending that except in trivial matters we had hardly need of words." Until their deaths in his forty-fifth year, they were "in truth the only public for whom I had any regard whatever."

Kipling's Childhood

Kipling was born in Bombay in 1865, where his father was Professor of Architecture at the University, later director of the museum at Lahore. His nurse, or *ayah*, taught him Hindustani, which so nearly became his mother tongue that he had to translate mentally when speaking to his parents. When he returned to India's familiar haunts at age seventeen, he found himself muttering phrases which he did not understand. On occasion throughout his life the Indian phrase came first.

When he was six, Rudy and Trix, his younger sister, were taken to England by their parents and left with relatives at Southsea, to be educated as young English children should be. The next five years were the most horrible of his life. He was beaten constantly, scolded, called the wickedest sinner destined for eternal hell-fire, forced to walk in the streets with a sign LIAR across his back, and confined to his room for long periods without books, his only escape. The uncle was mild, even kindly, but the aunt in her misguided religious zeal made his life a living nightmare. And when she finished with him each day, her son would taunt him for his sins throughout the long hours of the night.

The hardest blow of all was the children's belief that their beloved, gentle parents had intentionally deserted them, and, since all mail was

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RUDYARD KIPLING
(1865-1936)

carefully censored, they had no way of learning otherwise until their mother's return, after almost five years. At once she sensed the trouble when Rudy put up his arm to ward off the blow as she came to tuck him into bed. She transferred them elsewhere, but in one of Kipling's most poignant stories, "Baa, Baa, Black Sheep," he has recorded his classic plea for the rights of children to be loved rather than so mistreated. Some forty years later his sister returned to see if the house was still standing, but she could not bear even to look at it. In 1935 Kipling wrote his sister that he wished he could "burn the house down, and plough the place with salt." Thus hatred came early to the young Kipling.

From age twelve to seventeen he attended Westward Ho, an academy in England for the sons of poorer Britishers stationed overseas. His eyes were so weak that he could not participate in sports and games, so, to his delight, he was excused from them all that he might read. And read he did. He had written his father in India, "Send me all the books in the world," and they were his great love as well as his escape, for he was too brilliant, too queer and intense to be popular.

The Young Journalist

At seventeen, with full face whiskers and a remarkable maturity, Kipling returned to India to be assistant editor on the Lahore *Pioneer*. For a few months he lived with his parents, but soon he was living alone, reading a book while he ate, and working his heart out at every task in the newspaper office for a superior whom he detested. But he was often ill from dysentery and other tropical diseases, and from overwork, since whenever his co-worker was ill Kipling had to get the paper out alone. He recalled men toppling over with fever at the club, and with mounting horror he anticipated each hot, muggy season as it approached.

Suddenly he discovered a way to escape, to free himself from despondency: he would become a writer, and earn enough money to go to London and match his products with the best. When he was transferred to the staff of the most influential paper in India at Allahabad, he continued inserting tales and poems in its columns. He traveled throughout India, and sold paper-back editions of his stories to local railway offices, soliciting buy-

ers via penny postcard. As soon as his works reached England they were sensationally successful. In 1889, at the age of twenty-four, he returned to England via the United States. From San Francisco to New York he asked for job after job. His style was so virile, his subjects so near reality, that everywhere he was rejected. When he submitted his stories to Harper and Sons, he received the curt reply, "Our business is the publication of literature." In London he rented a garret, again worked hard under editor William E. Henley, and soon was making a good living. His *Barrack-Room Ballads* became immensely popular, and, at the age of twenty-seven, he was making enough that never would he have to write another word.

Kipling and America

Of his first American trip Kipling wrote that he "loved no people as much as these." For their friendliness and warmth he was especially grateful. In 1892 he married an American, Caroline Balestier, and settled down in "Bliss Cottage" in Brattleboro, Vermont, for a lifetime of writing. Soon they built a mansion, and rode about the countryside in coach and four, dressing every night for dinner, and finding the local people dull, materialistic, and hypocritical. A family quarrel with his brother-in-law over property so incensed Rudyard that he took the matter to court, much as he hated publicity. The trial made him appear ridiculous; abruptly they sold all their holdings and went to England. In 1899 they returned to New York where Kipling came near death from pneumonia, and Queen Victoria and Kaiser Wilhelm asked to be kept informed of his condition. He recovered, but his second daughter died. Thus twice embittered against America, the Kiplings retreated to the Sussex countryside in England, never to return. And he never ceased hating America, fearing her democratic system, and condemning what he regarded as her bragging, materialistic national character.

Kipling's War Against Man

Cecil Rhodes' plans to form a secret Anglo-Saxon society which would insure British supremacy in South Africa had long been known to Kipling, one of Rhodes' nearest friends. During the Boer War, and from 1900 to 1907, the Kiplings spent half their time in Africa, often as guests on the Rhodes estate. But where the earlier Kipling had championed Tommy Atkins, the common soldier, and Fuzzy Wuzzy, his enemy, magnificent in courage, now he honored the administrators and governors.

The first World War but intensified the hate and mistrust he had already for the Germans. The body of his only son was never found, and, in bitterness, he ordered taps played every sunset over Loos Battlefield where he died.

More and more he explored the mystical and supernatural realms in an attempt to solve the great problem of his last years, namely, how to find some consolation for the personal losses he had suffered and for the evils which, for him, threatened the Empire. His mood is strongly put in his poem "The Power of the

Dog," when he warns against "giving your heart to a dog to tear."

His distrust of his fellow-creatures, which seemed to dominate his later years, comes to a climax in the final stanza of "Mowgli's Song Against People" (*The Jungle Book*).

Kipling's Early Poetry

Kipling's greatest strength lies obviously in his first works. His poetry has been widely quoted; and with probable justice, John Masefield maintained at the time of Kipling's death that his "If" was the most popular poem in the language. His narrative powers, his accurate eye and ear, and his drumbeat rhythms have irresistible appeal. To his poems, then, we should turn briefly.

Most writers struggle and starve, but in prose or verse Rudyard Kipling can tell a story until chills run down your spine while your blood surges, and so he was worth nearly four million dollars at his death. His concern is not to make us think, or to debate matters of right or wrong, but to bring the reader *there*, feeling, hearing, smelling, fearing, and admiring. He does not praise or blame the actual characters he has known as much as he catches them *just as they are*. And the genius of the man is in his feeling for phrases, endlessly varied drumbeat rhythms, and, above all, the exact words which give us the sensation of being immediately there. As he said in one of his rare public interviews, "You must bait your hook with words. I used to search for words in the British Museum."

Kipling's Word-Magic

Everywhere in Kipling these lush jewel-words drip over us; how skillfully he uses place names to alert our imaginations: Burma, Irrawaddy, Moulmein Pagoda, the Gugger River, Umballa, Kalka, Pinjore, Simla, Purun Bhagat, Peshawar. And how better could he illustrate his great point that "What do they know of England who only England know?" than to give his characters names loaded with the flavor of distant places, adventure, courage, aye, even magic, such as Sikander Khan, Mulvaney, Ortheris, Learoyd (the soldiers three), Mowgli, Dinah Shadd, Puck of Pook's Hill, Gunga Din—the list is well nigh endless. Thus by his ear and eye being constantly alert for the cosmopolitan, characterizing name, Kipling helped prove to Englanders that England is all and everywhere.

Kipling, England's Masculine Poet

Probably Kipling's first great achievement, and his most popular, was to glorify the dialect of the Cockney English footsoldier, formerly held to be too vulgar even to be respectable. All Kipling's powers mentioned above are illustrated in selected stanzas from "Mandalay," page 902, lines 11-12 and 23-25, in the text.

In two of his best-known poems, "Fuzzy-Wuzzy" and "Gunga Din," the power of language is well-nigh irresistible, see page 900, lines 21-24; 39-48, text.

The other great reason his *Barrack-Room Ballads* were most popular is that, in striking contrast to his later beliefs and writings, here he expresses respect for any man,

be he black or brown or British, if he has courage and strength, as in his "Ballad of East and West."

This poem is an example of Kipling's narrative powers, his belief in the strong man, his use of rhymed, rhythmical lines to enhance his effect, and his use of strong (sometimes overly strong) words. It tells of the Colonel's Son pursuing Kamal over the mountainous Tongue of Jagai. In the poem the word *snick* is exactly right. And:

> They have ridden the low moon out of the sky,
> Their hoofs drum up the dawn . . . .

gives the typical Kipling tone. Such verve, fanned to flame by *Oath, Blood, Knife, God,* has not failed to feed the adventure-hungry of all ages, those of Kipling's own day and since.

In our text, "The Mary Gloster" and "A Smuggler's Song" exemplify other phases of his narrative powers and might well be read aloud.

Kipling, Empire Builder

From his earliest years Kipling preached with his strongest moral fervor, his strong-man, strong-country philosophy. While still a lad he had written in dedication to Queen Victoria how "all are bred to do your will . . . to fight and follow still and work your Empire's destinies." In this belief Kipling never weakened; he only became embittered when he saw British imperialism fading. When, in 1899, he wrote "The White Man's Burden" (text, page 908), he was aware of the responsibility to "Take up the White Man's burden . . . ."

Kipling preached with driving rhetoric that if the heathen peoples of the world are to recognize the authority of good government, it must be held sternly before them. "War Is a Game" which Kipling found to be neither good nor bad, but real. His poem "Loot" likewise is real, both in emotion and belief.

"Hymn Before Action" (1896), was written shortly after Jameson's raid into Dutch territory in Africa (the incident which also inspired "If.") In a more exalted vein, it states anew Kipling's views on war, empire, and death.

In later years Kipling wrote poetry that had lesser influence. His "Boots," written earlier, catches the weariness of footsoldiering better than any poem ever written, and should be known. His "Sussex" tells stirringly of his love for "that one spot beloved over all" which contains the essence of most all of his life, as do most of his writings. Nationalism has never been stronger than in Kipling; indeed in a sense he defined the word, as "Sussex" proves.

Recessional

Kipling's great poem is, of course, "Recessional." It is so tempting to blame him for his love of war and empire, sometimes excessively stated, as in "Loot." "Lest we forget," however, helps us recall how he championed the underdog, both the British "Tommy Atkins" (text, page 898), and foreigners. And, while he loved the British Empire, he criticized her leaders severely for corruption and carelessness during the Boer War. In 1897, during the Empire-wide celebration of the "Sixtieth Anniversary of Her Majesty's Most Glorious Reign," it was Kip-

ling who saw the need for humbling England in her pride of power and possessions. In this magnificent hymn, with undertones of meaning welling up from beneath and between his words, it was Kipling who had the courage to ask for those "drunk with sight of power" that:

> Judge of the Nations, spare us yet,
> Lest we forget — lest we forget!

If Kipling is to be known at his best, this poem must be read together, and known in detail, and valued for the majestic humbling blow it struck. Certainly it strikes the blow which gives it greatness, and Kipling, too. Let us leave him then, with the sword of his best poem in our hearts.

Thoughts For Discussion

1. What incidents in Kipling's childhood most decisively influenced his later life?
2. Much as he was fascinated by India, what device did Kipling use to escape from it?
3. Discuss Kipling's attitude toward Americans.
4. Do you feel Mowgli's "Song Against People" is representative of the later Kipling? Why? Why not?
5. Characterize the elements in Kipling's poetry which make it so compelling.
6. What did the word *Empire* mean to Kipling?

Social Science—The Constitution of the United States

Lesson 17—The Constitution and the Courts

Elder Albert R. Bowen

For Tuesday, January 24, 1956

Objective: To show how the courts of the United States under the great leadership of John Marshall established the principles of the Constitution.

Application of Constitutional Ideals into Action

High-sounding phrases and lofty ideals have little meaning and are of less value when they remain mere abstractions. It is only when ideals and great philosophical concepts are translated into action and are applied in the lives of men, that humanity profits.

This is as true in the field of government as it is in any other human institution. The efforts of the great men who conceived and produced the Constitution under divine inspiration and guidance would have remained sterile and fruitless, if the principles of government so wonderfully expressed in the Constitution had remained dormant.

An example of the futility of mere words and ideas written on paper, even when expressed in the most noble terms, may be found in other constitutions. The language may apply to the institutions of free men, it may profess to be concerned for the welfare of man, and to be dedicated to freedom and liberty. Yet it is recognized that such a constitution may cloak a tyranny.

Righteousness of Leading Statesmen and Judges

It was a blessing of divine Providence that the men into whose hands was committed the task of translating the Constitution of the United States into action, were men who were genuinely devoted to the ideals of liberty and justice and the welfare of their fellow countrymen. Washington, Adams, Jefferson, Hamilton, and many others, who were associated with them in establishing the new Government, were honorable and upright men. It was also to be demonstrated that the men who were chosen to be the judges to exercise the judicial power of the United States were of unusual caliber—men who discharged the duty of their office with great distinction and honor.

Americans may look with just pride upon the accomplishments of their judiciary. With few exceptions these judges have been men of integrity and have discharged the duties of their important calling with honor. In addition, they have also been men who have pursued with singleness of purpose the object of preserving the institutions of freedom which were set up under the Constitution.

The Judiciary, the Guardian of the Constitution

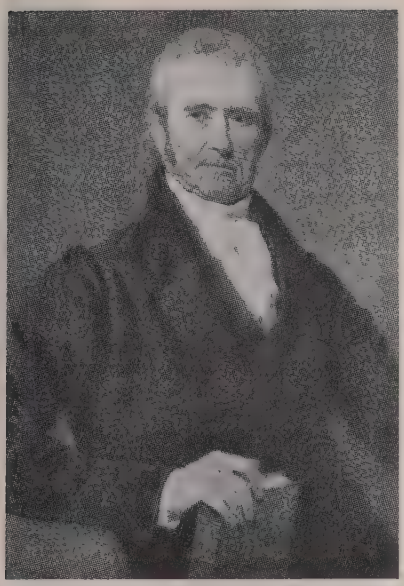
The Constitution established the judiciary the guardian of the Constitution. This guardianship was created and made workable by making the Judicial Department an equal co-ordinate branch; by providing for the independence of judges, and by committing the judicial power of the United States into the hands of the courts. In no other judicial system in the world are judges in a position from which they may speak out when the occasion requires it and, with binding force and authority, nullify the actions of the Legislative or Executive Departments as usurpations of their respective powers. If they may do so at all under any other government, it is only to a very limited extent.

The People the Source of Power of Government

The American system, which embodies a Government of the people, made possible the creation of a judiciary possessing such power. Only under a system which (1) acknowledges the people as the source of the power of government; and (2) under which the government is permitted to exercise only such power as may be expressly or by implication conferred upon it by the people, may limitations be prescribed within which government must operate, and beyond which it may not exercise its powers. Such is the Government of the United States.

Greatness of Chief Justice John Marshall

The man who was destined to place the stamp of greatness upon the American Judiciary was John Marshall, third Chief Justice of the United States. Until the advent of Marshall, who was appointed Chief Justice in the closing days of John Adams' Administration, when the Federalists were on the eve of being ousted from office, there was nothing distinctive about the functions of the Supreme Court. It had little business to transact and had ex-



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JOHN MARSHALL
(1755-1835)

erted even less influence upon the Government. In fact, John Jay who was the first Chief Justice resigned his office because he did not esteem the office of Chief Justice of the United States as important and influential as being Governor of New York.

However, before dismissing Marshall's predecessors too lightly, it must be acknowledged, in fairness to them, that they were men of high ability and their work did pave the way for some of Marshall's great decisions. It was to be Marshall's honor to build upon their beginnings the edifice of a great judicial system.

Biographical

John Marshall was born September 24, 1755, in Virginia. He was born in a modest family of good lineage. He had family connections with some of the great landed families of Virginia, but he was not one of them. He was a man of sincere democratic ideals. He took part in the Revolution and it is said that because he fought for his country in that war, he became an American before he was a Virginian. In other words, Marshall became an ardent and strong advocate of the Union and was a champion of the Constitution.

He, eventually, became a lawyer and was a leader of the bar of Virginia. Marshall was serving as Secretary of State under Adams when appointed by him, without Marshall's knowledge or consent, to be Chief Justice of the United States.

On February 4, 1801, Marshall took the oath of office and launched upon a judicial career which lasted until his death in 1835.

Between the time of his appointment and his death, Marshall established for himself the greatest name in the history of the American Judiciary.

There have been many great judges in the history of the United States, such men as Holmes, Taft, Story, Cardozo, and Brandeis, but space will not allow a discussion of their contributions to the constitutional law of our country. Because Marshall was the first great judge, and because his decisions were so fundamental in importance and demonstrate so clearly the way in which the courts have influenced the growth of the Constitution, reference in this lesson will be confined to Marshall's great work.

Marshall was a master debater. It is said of him that it was virtually impossible to get the better of him

in an argument. He was logical. He had an unerring instinct for fundamentals, and could sweep away the irrelevant and the superficial and arrive at the heart of a proposition with apparently no effort. He would seize upon the weakness of an argument and, by invincible logic, demolish it point by point. He was so brilliant in his performance that after he had written one of his decisions of great national importance, Randolph of Virginia, one of his bitter opponents, is said to have stated, "All wrong, all wrong, but no man in the United States can tell why or wherein."

Establishment of National Power as Delegated by Constitution

John Marshall has justly been called the "Father of American Constitutional Law." His great contribution was to define and establish the limits of national power as opposed to the champions of states' rights. His opinions made the power of the Federal Government supreme within the limits of the powers delegated to the Federal Government by the Constitution. He, likewise, established the principle of *Judicial Review* (See lesson 10, *Relief Society Magazine*, October 1954, page 708) by the application of which the actions of both state and Federal Government may be scrutinized to ascertain if those actions are within the bounds of the authority prescribed by the Constitution. Marshall took the Constitution as the basis for his opinions, and, from the four corners of that great document, carved out the principles which are the standards by which Government in this country has functioned ever since his day.

Principles Enunciated by Marshall

Professor Edwin S. Corwin in his very interesting book, *John Marshall and The Constitution*, gives the history of these great decisions. Space will not permit the narrative of events which led up to these cases, but they were mighty landmarks in the constitutional history of this country. We may only point out the principles which Marshall enunciated and which now are accepted without dispute as the law of the land. They are:

1. The states did not create the Constitution or bring it forth as an act of state sovereignty. It is an instrument of the people of the United States and not a compact of states.

2. The Constitution must be interpreted in such a way as to secure the most beneficial use of the powers created under it, and is not and was not intended to safeguard the prerogatives of state sovereignty.

3. The Constitution was designed to accommodate the needs of the national life for all time; to be "adapted to the various crises of human affairs."

4. The Government of the United States is one of enumerated and delegated powers, but within the scope of those powers it is sovereign. Not only may it choose the means to carry out the conferred powers, but, in addition, it is supreme over any asserted powers which are in conflict with those powers.

5. Congress alone may regulate interstate commerce and the states may not intrude into such regulation, even though Congress may not have acted.

6. The Government of the United States is not present in the various states by their sufferance, but by the supreme authority of the United States.

7. All courts of the United States may review and pass upon all legislative and

executive acts for the purpose of determining if they are within the powers conferred by the Constitution and, if they are found to be contrary to the Constitution, they are void.

Marshall's Conviction of His Political Obligation

Marshall had a deep and profound conviction of his obligations as a judge. It was a sense of mission which led him to regard the judicial office which he held as more than judicial in its scope. He refused to accept the idea that the court was limited to the bare deciding of cases brought before it for review, but believed, rather, that the court had a political obligation to promulgate sound constitutional principles. In deciding cases he did not confine himself within the narrow limits of the precise question presented for review, as is customarily the procedure of courts. He had no hesitancy in ranging far afield from such narrow confines and, with broad sweeping argument, established the constitutional doctrines which his convictions led him to believe. It is of interest that Liberty Bell in Independence Hall, in Philadelphia, cracked and became silent when it was tolling for Chief Justice Marshall's death.

On "John Marshall Day," February 4, 1901, commemorating the one-hundredth anniversary of his appointment as Chief Justice, it was said of him by Senator Lodge as follows:

> John Marshall stands in history as one of that small group of men who have founded states. He was a nation-maker, a state-builder. His monument is the history of the United States and his name is written upon the Constitution of his country.

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It has been the influence of the courts which has given life and vigor to the Constitution and which is directly responsible for the vitality of our national life. Through adaptation to changing needs, the Constitution has survived the perils which have beset it. It will continue to survive as long as the courts of the United States faithfully and fearlessly apply its principles to the national life.

Note: It is not expected that a discussion will be held in regard to the details of the court system; but this note is added to the lesson to provide a better understanding for class members on the courts in the United States.

The Federal Court System

Article III of the Constitution of the United States creates the Supreme Court and authorizes the creation of inferior courts by the Congress.

The Supreme Court was created by the Constitution. Under the Judiciary Act of 1789, in the first session of the first Congress, a Chief Justice and five Associate Justices were chosen. The number of Justices varied for some seventy years, but, since 1869, there have been nine, a Chief Justice and eight Associate Justices. They are appointed by the President by and with the consent of the Senate. The Constitution defines no qualifications for Justices, so the President is free to appoint anyone whom the Senate will confirm. Their tenure in office is for life during good behavior, and they can be removed by impeachment only.

The idea for a court with power to examine the acts of the executive and legislative branches of the Government to determine their constitutionality was original with the framers of the Constitution. To this power of Judicial Review (see lesson 10, *Relief Society Magazine*, October 1954) is given a high degree of credit for the wonderful performance for over one hundred sixty-six years of our great Constitutional Government. While comparatively few acts of either branch have been declared unconstitutional, the very presence of a court of this nature, is a deterrent to any acts it could so condemn. However, the Supreme Court does not take upon itself the power to review all laws passed (this would obviously be impossible), but uses its judicial power to determine constitutionality when particular cases involving the law in question are brought before it. "That power is capable of acting," said the Supreme Court, "only when the subject is submitted to it by a party who asserts his rights in the form prescribed by law; it then becomes a case."

There are two types of cases that may properly originate in the Supreme Court (that is, over which the Supreme Court has "original jurisdiction"); one, those involving Government representatives of foreign nations, ambassadors, consuls, etc.; and, two, those involving the states. It has appellate jurisdiction (the right to review the decisions of lower courts) in all other cases that come to it from the Circuit Courts of Appeal, District Courts, and State Courts. It is expected that the cases which reach the Supreme Court will involve constitutionality or matters of great national importance.

Circuit Courts of Appeal were established in 1891 to relieve the burden of the Supreme Court. The United States and its territories are divided into ten regions or circuits. Usually the decisions of Circuit Courts are final, and most cases are not appealed further to the Supreme Court unless constitutionality is involved. Their decisions may be reviewed only by the Supreme Court. One justice of the Supreme Court is assigned in an advisory capacity to each Circuit or regional Court of Appeal, but they have appelate jurisdiction over the Federal District Courts within the circuit.

District Courts are the next lower courts. There are over eighty districts in the United States and its territories, many of which have smaller divisions. From one to sixteen judges preside over each district, and each state has at least one district. The District Courts have original jurisdiction over most cases—that is, almost all Federal cases are begun in Dis-

trict Courts. Occasionally cases begun in State Courts are brought to Federal District Courts. If so, they are cases that are removed from State Courts under the provisions of the law and rules of the court.

Special or Legislative Courts

The Constitution gives Congress power to create "inferior courts" as needed. These courts have been created to meet very specific needs and so have limited jurisdiction. The four main Special Courts are:

The Court of Claims, which was set up by the Government in 1855, in which the Government permits itself to be sued. As the Government is sovereign, it can only be sued upon its consent. It would be almost impossible for Congress to consider the number of bills made necessary by this procedure, so this court aids in a legislative manner.

The United States Customs Court was created to adjudicate the controversies that inevitably arise over the value and amounts of tariff duties levied upon goods entering the country.

The United States Court of Customs and Patent Appeals was created in 1910 to hear appeals from the Customs Court decisions and the United States Patent Office decisions.

The Tax Court of the United States was created in 1942 to hear tax controversies exclusively, arising from the decisions of Federal tax collecting agencies.

Some other Legislative Courts are:

Courts of the District of Columbia, while similar to the Territorial Courts, are of separate and distinct nature because the District of Columbia is directly governed by the Federal Government (Congress). Congress, therefore, set up two courts: a Court of Appeal and a District Court, to serve this area. These courts may be classified as of legislative origin.

There are also *Territorial Courts* located in Hawaii, Alaska, Puerto Rico, the Virgin Islands, and the Panama Canal Zone. These differ from District Courts in that

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they have jurisdiction over all matters, local as well as Federal. They were created under the power given to Congress under the Constitution, to make all rules and regulations needful regarding American Territories.

The Military Court of Appeals was established in 1942, in which three civilian judges review the decisions of the courts-martial.

There are and have been other courts of this nature created to facilitate the administration of laws made by Congress under the powers delegated to it. The Federal Court System, then, aids the President in his duty to detect and prosecute violations of Federal laws, aids the Legislature in the administration of laws enacted, and aids the Judiciary in performing its responsibility of interpreting the laws, deciding controversies, and establishing rights.

All state constitutions provide for a state Supreme Court and creation of inferior courts. All other courts are of state origin—District Courts, Municipal, Juvenile, and Justices of the Peace.

Questions on the Lesson

1. What department of the Government has been called "the guardian of the Constitution"?

2. What constitutional provisions made it possible for the courts to perform this function?

3. Is the system of the United States unique in this respect? Why?

4. What principle in the Constitution made it possible to control the power of Government?

5. George Washington is known as the "Father of His Country." By what similar title is John Marshall known?

6. Did Marshall regard his responsibility as a judge as more than a judicial office? What was his philosophy of his duty as Chief Justice of the United States?

7. What was Marshall's great contribution to the growth and development of the Constitution?

8. What constitutional principles were established by the opinions of John Marshall?

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Autumn Soliloquy

Zera Wilde Earl

The school bus plies its careful way
Along our country road,
Pausing at all my neighbors' gates
To gather its precious load.

How brief the years till the children
Will be gone from the homes they bless
Grown up and gone, to leave behind
A strange new emptiness.

The bus rolls by; I have watched it go
So many times before,
But now I sigh, for it never stops
At our gate any more.

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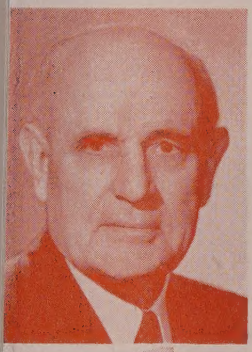

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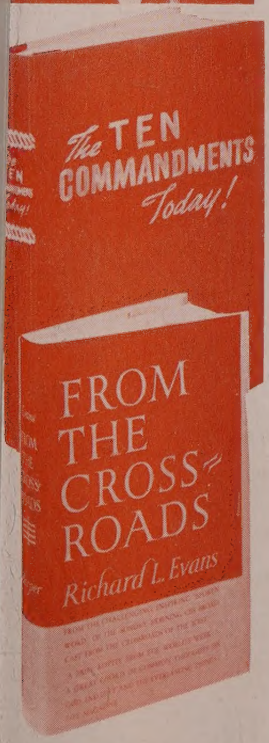

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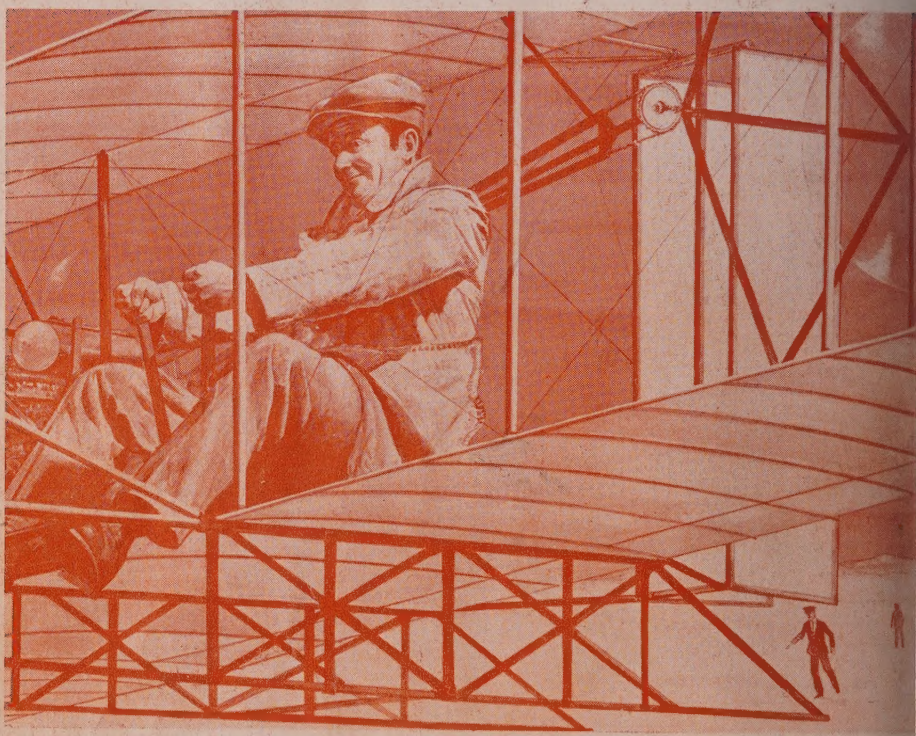

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